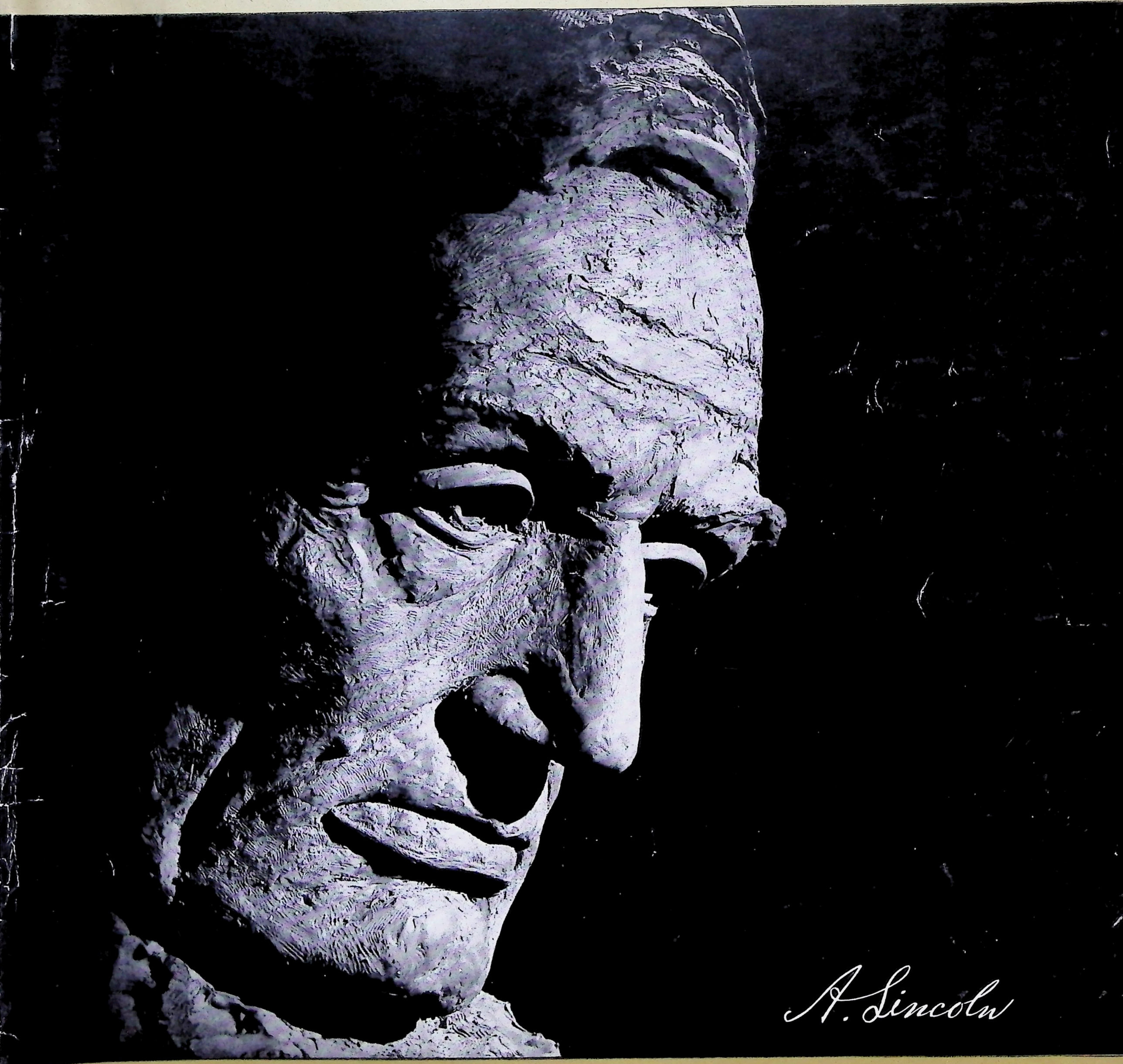
WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA



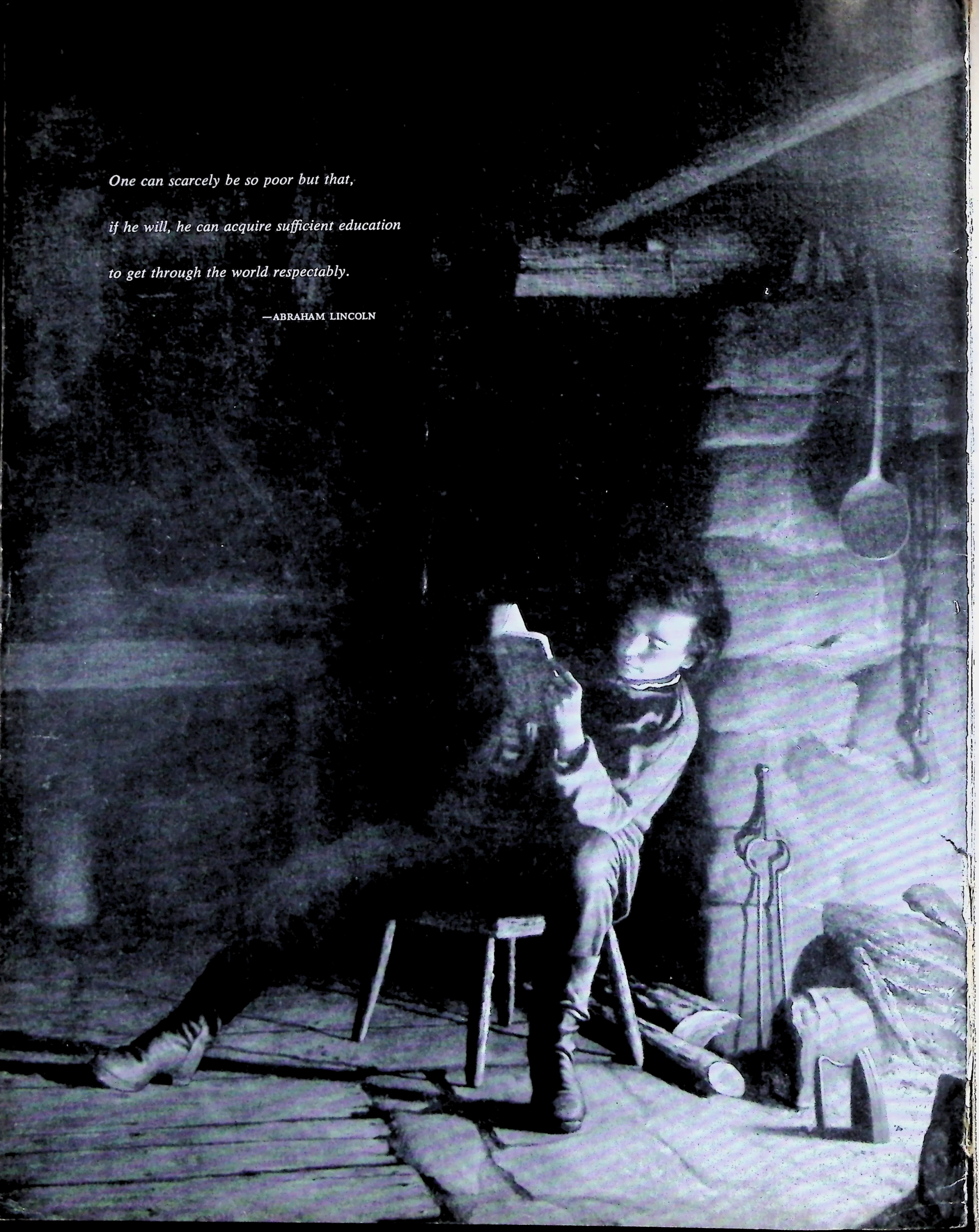
IN THIS ISSUE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—a pictorial essay

Sketches of CHARLES DICKENS' characters

MAY 1956

ONE DOLLAR



One can scarcely be so poor but that,

if he will, he can acquire sufficient education

to get through the world respectably.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Just $2.95 ... puts you in the select circle

start your Marboro Book Club membership with

any 3 for $2.95

This is no ordinary offer.

Never before have current titles of such distinction been made available at so low a price. The very same original publishers' editions are on sale at bookstores today for up to $15.00 apiece.

But, of course, this is no ordinary book club.

The MARBORO BOOK CLUB was established for the select circle of readers who know what they want without reference to best-seller lists, MARBORO members are men and women who love good books, can't get enough of them, can't do without them. In short, people who buy so many books (and want so many more) that today's high cost of reading is a decided problem to them.

Like a cooperative, which in many ways it resembles, the MARBORO BOOK CLUB makes it possible for these discerning readers to join with others of similar tastes in getting the books they really want at prices they can really afford. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted, MARBORO members also receive a superlative bonus volume at no additional charge. They soon find that savings average more than 50% on the self-same books they would have purchased at regular prices.

Remember, if you become a MARBORO member *now*, you may take any three of the books shown for only $2.95. Mail the application form today while this exceptional offer lasts.

CHOOSE ANY 3 BOOKS FOR ONLY $2.95 WITH MEMBERSHIP — SEND NO MONEY — MAIL APPLICATION FORM TODAY

☐ **THE SEARCH WITHIN.** By Theodor Reik. The inner experiences of one of the foremost psychoanalysts of our time revealed in selections from his published and unpublished works. Over 650 pages. *List Price 7.50*

☐ **THE GRAND MADEMOISELLE.** By Francis Steegmuller. Fascinating biography of the richest and most eligible Princess of Louis XIV's court. *List Price 3.75*

☐ **BALLET IN ACTION.** By Walter Terry, with Introd. by George Balanchine. 120 pages of breath-taking photography by Paul Himmel dynamically capture the visual beauty and excitement of the dance. Handsome 10¼" x 11½" book. *List Price 10.00*

☐ **CALL TO HONOR.** The war memoirs of General Charles de Gaulle. "The chronicle of a passion; the autobiography of a will; the self-portrait of an exiled prophet."—The Atlantic. *List Price 5.00*

☐ **DESIGN OF THE UNIVERSE.** By Fritz Kahn. One of the most comprehensive and authoritative books about the strange new universe uncovered by science. 150 illustrations. 373 pages, 7" x 10". *List Price 5.00*

☐ **A TRAIN OF POWDER.** By Rebecca West. Six essays on fascinating courtroom trials "which combine the allure of the detective story with the insight of a penetrating treatise on morals and politics."—Charles Rolo, The Atlantic. *List Price 3.75*

☐ **FIVE NOVELS OF ALBERTO MORAVIA.** Introd. by Charles J. Rolo. More than 1200 pages of penetrating fiction—Mistaken Ambitions, Agostino, Luca, Conjugal Love, and A Ghost at Noon. *List Price 6.50*

☐ **ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SCIENCE.** By F. Sherwood Taylor. Describes and illustrates the fascinating growth of science from Ancient Egypt to the present. Beautiful cloth bound 7½" x 10" volume. *List Price 5.00*

☐ **THE LIVING STAGE.** By K. Macgowan and W. Melnitz. This fabulous treasury of world theatre presents the rich panorama of mankind's activities in drama since primitive times. Over 250 illustrations, 543 pages. *List Price 8.00*

☐ **SHAKESPEARE WITHOUT TEARS.** By Margaret Webster. A completely revised and enlarged edition. "One of the best books written about Shakespeare in this century."—Mark Van Doren. *List Price 4.50*

☐ **SEVEN BY COLETTE.** Her most popular novels — Gigi, Cheri, Last of Cheri, The Vagabond, My Mother's House, Chance Acquaintances and The Cat—all in one attractive volume. Introduction by Janet Flanner. 960 pages. *List Price 6.50*

☐ **TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY.** Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. The wisdom of the ages in carefully chosen excerpts from writings of 375 great thinkers. 1280 pages. *List Price 15.00*

Marboro Book Club

222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York

You may enroll me as a member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the right at only $2.95 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (selections or alternates) at the reduced Member's Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

(Prices slightly higher in Canada) MW-1

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this CHARTER MEMBERSHIP OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

FREDERICK MAYER is one of the outstanding young philosophers in the United States. Author of eight books and over a hundred articles, he is a professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands (Calif.). His feature this month gives an insight to Socrates' philosophy.

HELEN VASIL'S article has been written expressly for WISDOM. "Antibiotic Age" gives the reader substantial evidence that the new field of antibiotics is more than an important contribution to medicine, that it ushers in a new Age because of the widespread therapy it effects. Plagues that have always confronted man have been stopped and his lifespan increased. Our Senior Editor leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions as to what new patterns of living may be brought on by the continuing conquest of man-killing germs.

SAMUEL G. KLING is a practicing attorney and marriage counselor in Baltimore. "Your Legal Adviser" is from his book of the same title © 1955 by Pocket Books, Inc. In his article Mr. Kling points out that resolving problems of law without a lawyer usually leads to legal involvements with accompanying emotional strain. Mr. Kling's latest work, a guide to successful marriage, is to be published this fall.

HENRY AND DANA LEE THOMAS, his son, have compiled brilliant biographies of those who have left their identity stamped on history. From "Living Biographies of Famous Rulers" © 1940 by Doubleday & Co., Inc., the Editors have selected "Splendor in Cathay." This era of voluptuousness fulfilled the expectations of Genghis Khan who had said that his grandson Kublai would be known for an age even more splendid than his own.

DURANT DRAKE, professor of philosophy at Vassar College, gives an analogy of philosophy and wisdom in the article "Pursuit of Wisdom." It is taken from the author's book "Invitation to Philosophy, published by the Riverside Press, © 1933 by Durant Drake, who has also written "Shall We Stand by the Church," "America Faces the Future," "Mind and its Place in Nature," and "The New Morality."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S eulogy, "Character of Lincoln," aptly conveys to the reader the personality of Lincoln and the writing skill of Emerson.

JOHN HAY was a law student in Lincoln's Springfield office. He was the assistant secretary and a clever, flippant, good-looking college graduate of 22. He accompanied the Lincoln party to Washington. "Life in the White House," an article from "The Lincoln Reader," appears by permission of Dodd, Mead & Co. from "Lincoln and the Civil War in the Letters and Diaries of John Hay" by Tyler Dennett, © 1939 by Dodd, Mead & Co. Hay was with Lincoln at his deathbed.

JOHN G. NICOLAY'S description of the "Death of Lincoln" is from his book "A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln," © 1902 by Century Company, by permission of the publishers Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.

JAMES ALLEN'S "Vision and Ideals" is from "Treasury of Inspiration" © 1955 by Hawthorn Books and edited by Kenneth Seeman Giniger. It awakens the reader to the realization that he himself is the sum product of his dreams or the lack of them.

WALT DISNEY'S art has been a significant contribution to the twentieth century. His article "Humor" was originally written by him for the *Phi Delta Kappan*. Mr. Disney's many accomplishments are an institutional part of modern living and his explanation of his experience with the sixth sense of man and beast is highly informative.

JEAN BOWIE SHOR served overseas with the Red Cross during World War II and later with UNRRA. It was while she was in Shanghai with UNRRA that she met and married Franc Shor, China correspondent of the *Reader's Digest*. Her book "After You, Marco Polo," © 1955 by McGraw-Hill, from which the article "The Paradise Marco Polo Missed" is taken, is what happened after she suggested they cross the Gobi Desert as a honeymoon trip.

EDWARD P. CRONAN is primarily an educator of candidates for the priesthood. He is a member of the priests of St. Sulpice, distinguished for their historic and continuing contribution to the training of the American clergy. "Dignity of Man" has been selected from his book "The Dignity of the Human Person" © 1955 by Philosophical Library. This is a sound and constructive thought about basic religious and social problems. Father Cronan explains intrinsic dignity and the value it has for each person.

ROBERT S. RICHARDSON is an astronomer at the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories in California. His article on "Mars" is from his book "Exploring Mars," published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., © 1954 by R. S. Richardson. His detailed account of the planet as astronomers see it—its atmosphere, its vegetation, how time is measured there, the indications we have that it might contain life—is especially timely because of the planet's close approach to Earth this year.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S interesting and somewhat psychological article "On Doors," is from his book "Mince Pie," © 1919, 1947, and published by J. B. Lippincott Co. Its alacrity and penetrating thought give an insight to this author's imagination.

R. V. C. BODLEY had been an officer in the British army and a delegate to the Versailles Peace Conference when he decided to quit the whirling society of London and Paris. "In Search of Serenity" from Mr. Bodley's book of the same title, © 1955 by him and published by Little, Brown, & Co., tells how he found what he was seeking in the eternal quietude of the desert, living as a nomad.

HESKETH PEARSON, since leaving the stage in 1931, has devoted himself to writing biographies, his first work dealing with the life of Charles Darwin, his maternal ancestor. "Dickens: the actor" is an article from his book "Dickens—His Character, Comedy, and Career," © 1949 by Hesketh Pearson and published by Harper & Bros. Mr. Pearson's laudable work focuses attention on the talent of a man whose literary genius has been perpetuated by the power of the press but whose historic talent can only be imagined from reports of the day. The author's verbal discourse has preserved with rich tone the physical attestations of that talent.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, who wrote "Of Studies," is famous as essayist, philosopher, statesman and scientist. He wished to extend and organize man's knowledge through systematic observation and experiment.

LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD is the minister of London's famous Temple and honorary chaplain of Her Majesty's Forces. Dr. Weatherhead is known for his pioneering work in the application of psychology to the pastor's duties. "Search for Healing" is from his book "Man's Earliest Search for Healing," © 1951 by Pierce & Smith, by permission of Abingdon Press. A certified teacher of psychology, Dr. Weatherhead has formed at City Temple a unique church psychological clinic in collaboration with doctors and psychiatrists. His latest book is "That Immortal Sea."

RHODA W. BACMEISTER first started writing articles about children in the 1920's. "Children Grow Like Music" is drawn from her latest book "Your Child and Other People," © 1949 by Little, Brown & Co. Mrs. Bacmeister lectures extensively in addition to her regular consultant and editorial work in child care and education. Her article is a study of the child's whole problem of adjustment to his culture.

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY spent his days seeking adventure, the greatest of which was his friendship with Shelley and Byron. These romantic figures of the Romantic Movement stood out as the climax of his life. "The Last Days of Shelley and Byron" is from a book of the same name, being the complete text of his "Recollections," edited by J. E. Morpurgo, © 1952 by Philosophical Library. He first met Shelley through a mutual friend while in Pisa in 1822.

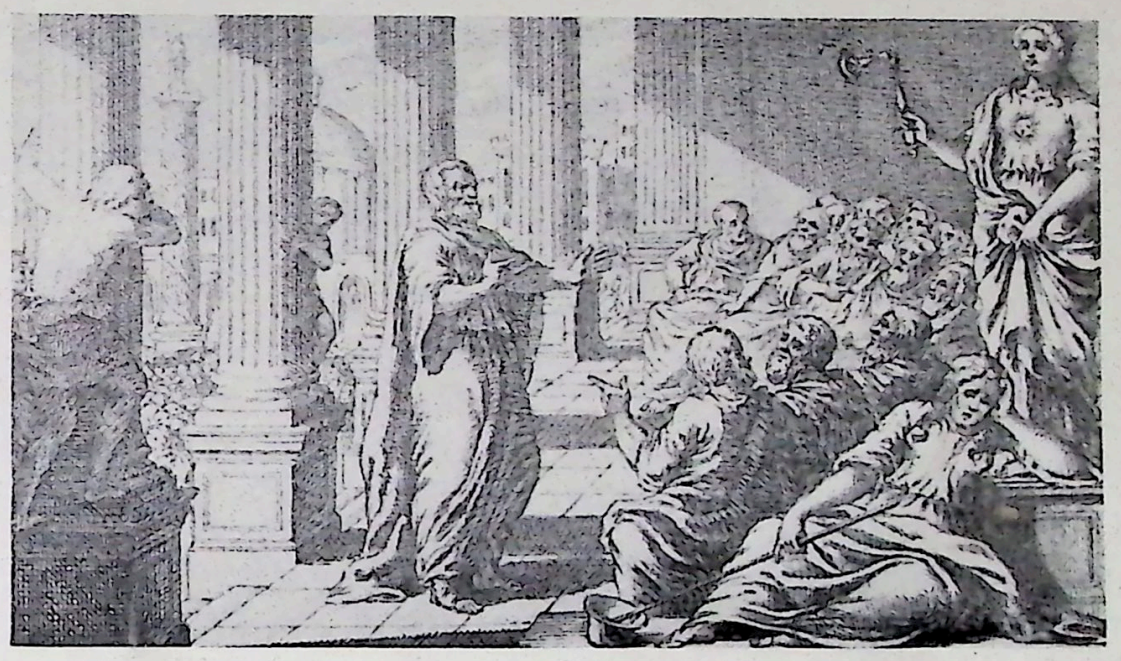
LISLE MARCH PHILLIPPS is a noted English art critic. "Character in Stone" is one of the vivid epithets from his "Works of Man" © 1951 by Philosophical Library. Mr. Phillipps has an objective interest in the work of art and has experienced it visually. He realizes that it is more than an individual expression—is, indeed, a racial and temporal expression.

JOHN J. B. MORGAN, professor of psychology at Northwestern University, categorizes the habits of the "Eight Kinds of Workers" in an article from his book "How to Keep a Sound Mind" © 1946 by the Macmillan Co. Mr. Morgan's analysis represents the essential principles evolved from work done by specialists in mental disorders, stripped of their abstract terminology and presented in a simple, straightforward manner.

The Editors express grateful acknowledgment to the authors and publishers who have granted WISDOM permission to reproduce selections from their published works in this issue, © 1956 by Wisdom Magazine, Inc. Such original material is protected by the respective copyrights listed on this page, and cannot be reproduced in any form without consent of the authors, their publishers or agents.

Invitation TO UNDERSTANDING

by Frederick Mayer



The unexamined life is not worth living.
—SOCRATES

f all the Greek thinkers, Socrates has probably the greatest ttraction for our time. He lived in a period of turmoil when thens was clashing with Sparta and he reminded his audience at philosophy is not primarily a theory of the universe but a way llife. He believed in absolute standards and that virtue is knowlge. His classroom was the market-place; he taught the young dl the old and the wise and the foolish. When Socrates was conmned to take the hemlock, he was unafraid for he believed that am's essential genius cannot be destroyed by death.

The example of Socrates indicates how important reason is in the se conduct of life. Reason is man's most precious capacity. Witht the use of our intellectual powers, we are caught by the eb *of immediacy*, we believe in empty slogans and our life lacks center of stability.

Socrates made an interesting experiment. He visited the so-called se men of Athens and he found that those who had the greatest pute for knowledge were in reality the most ignorant. The poliians were simply appealing to emotionalism, the merchants were ly interested in profit and the teachers were just repeating the ssons of the past. Socrates felt that he was the wisest man of thens, for he realized how limited his knowledge was. Hence, his norance became the prelude to genuine understanding.

We should not make the mistake of equating formal education th real knowledge and creativity. Often, a man without a college education may have a greater love of learning than the college graduate. Real education depends on our sense of adventure; it is a quest and a yearning for enlightenment which is never completely achieved. Real education is independent of age; it can be attained by the young and the old. Real education cannot be measured by degrees, but only by our sense of awareness.

Some may say that the best life is one dedicated to the senses, an existence devoid of profound thought and challenging meditation. Is not happiness a simple process? Does not knowledge spoil our capacity for pleasure? Still, the greatest pleasures are those of the mind, and when we use our reason for the betterment of mankind and for the advancement of society, we have a sense of permanent achievement. *We overcome the turmoil of the present and we become part of the greatness of the future.*

How much happiness can be found if we use our imagination and if we live creatively! For this we do not need many material resources, but only the determination to live on a lofty plane. So often our existence is enriched by a sparkling conversation with a friend or by listening to great music or by watching an unforgettable drama. These pleasures are simple but they make life more civilized, more humane and more abundant.

As we live in an ideal world, actuality is transformed. As our perspective expands, our life changes and we attain a sense of genuine peace and serenity. ♦

ANTIBIOTIC AGE

by Helen Vasil

The coming of the antibiotic age has saved millions of persons the world over who might be dead had it not been for the life redeeming "miracle" drugs. There are few of us in the Western world who have not had or seen the effect of the "miracle." And even now, antibiotic researchers have only begun to learn about this vast new body of knowledge which begins with a pinch of earth in a test tube — a plastic development from the time primitive man used dirt and cool water and a leaf as a remedial application.

American pharmaceutical firms are spending tremendous sums of money to promote the research begun by the British physician, Sir Alexander Fleming, in 1928. Since that time over 4000 antibiotic substances have been isolated and identified. Of these only 17 were able to pass the strict tests required before they were accepted for general use.

The search and research for antibiotics, described as "looking for an undescribed needle in an unlocated haystack," challenges modern scientists who have seen the effect of the "standard" drugs. They have controlled ailments such as pneumonia, syphilis, gonorrhea, pinta and yaws, the amoebic and other dysenteries, brucellosis (also called undulant fever), eye, ear and throat infections, urinary tract infections, typhoid and the typhus fevers, scarlet fever, the generalized blood-stream infections called "blood poisoning" and the once fatal diseases, meningitis, tuberculosis, whooping cough, parrot fever, gangrene, rheumatic heart, and childbed fever.

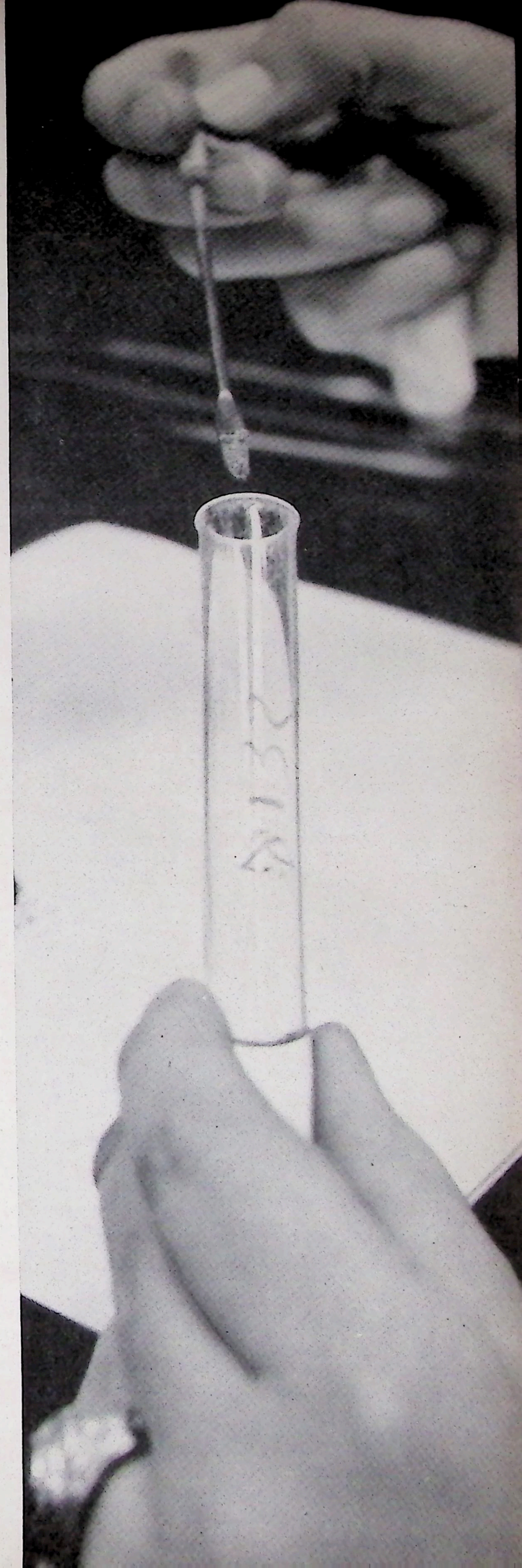
Surgery that a decade ago would have been undertaken only *in extremis* or not at all is almost casually performed today by men who know that antibiotics provide assurance against post-surgical infections.

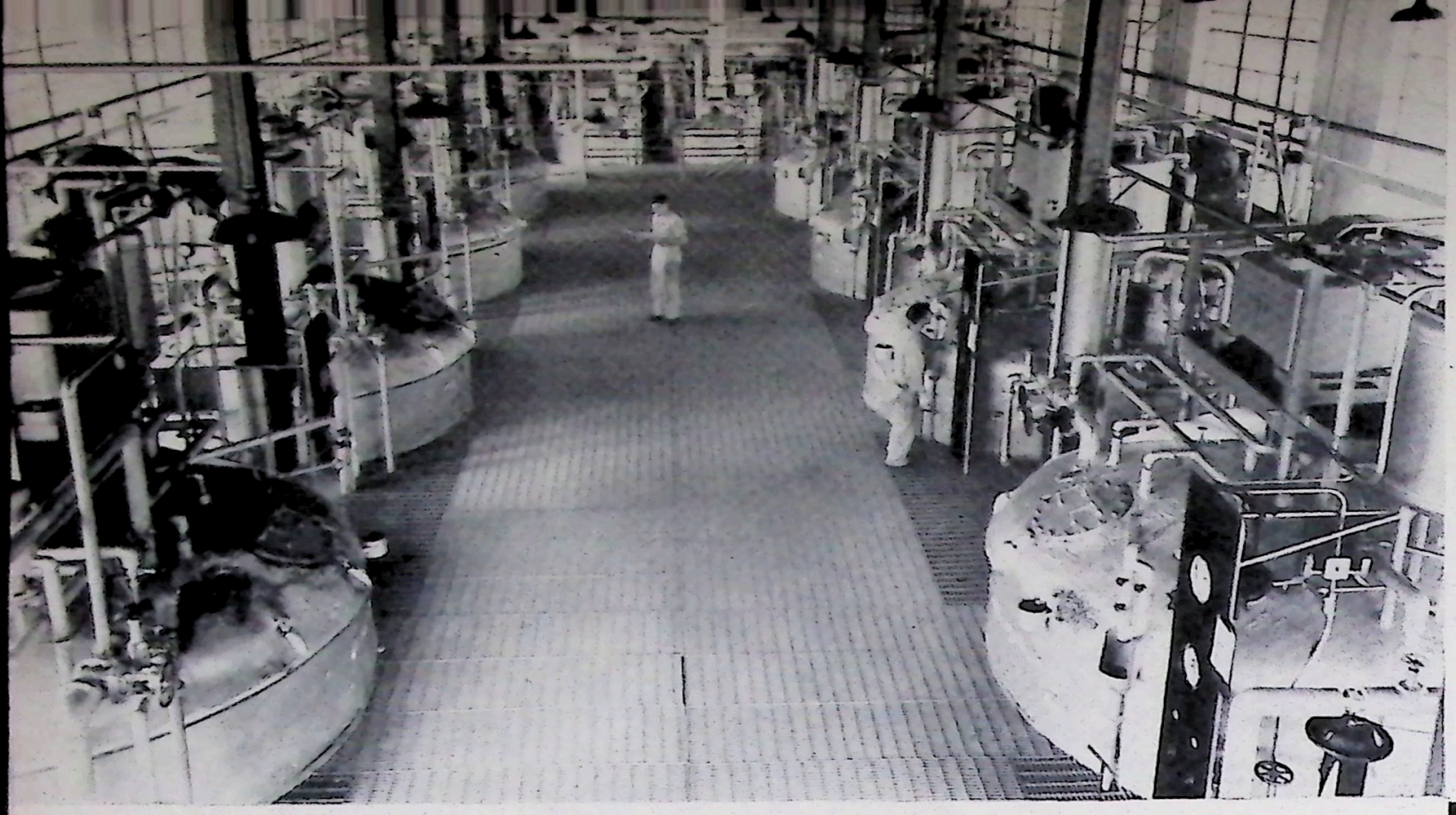
The oldest antibiotic, penicillin, was discovered accidentally when a bit of mold fell on a culture plate of virulent germs. Though at first Dr. Fleming believed his culture colony had been "contaminated" by the mold (penicillium), he was alert to observe the effect. When he noticed that the germs around the spot of mold had been destroyed, the new antibiotic age was born.

Experimentation gained impetus when Dr. H. W. Florey and his colleagues of Oxford University repeated Dr. Fleming's experiment and extracted the antibiotic from the mold, isolated and purified it. *(antibiotic:* a substance produced by a living microscopic organism, generally mold, that destroys or prevents the growth of disease-causing germs.)

Since 1941 when the first dose of penicillin was given to a London policeman who was dying of blood poisoning resulting from a small cut on his face while shaving, the success of penicillin has been monumental. When the Blitz made it impossible for England to follow-through on their laboratory achievements, the American pharmaceutical firms, Charles Pfizer, Parke, Davis & Co., Merck Co., Lederle Laboratories, E. R. Squibb & Sons, Bristol Laboratories, to mention a few, took on the job of developing a process to grow the precious antibacterial molecules that saved so many lives in the Allied armed forces.

By the end of the war, enough penicillin was being produced to give 21 million "shots," or 7 million grams, a year. Annual United States production rose to 1.8 billion grams by 1954. The price had dropped from $200 to 3 to 5 cents per gram. Pneumonia is now commonly treated at home with drugs costing only five hours' average wages. In addition, penicillin has been made more stable and less toxic. The original penicillin to some degree lost its identity and germ-fighting power when introduced into body fluids. Injections every four hours were needed to maintain high





Streptomycin is produced from the microscopic organism, streptomyces griseus. It is grown from test-tube quantities through increasingly larger tanks. When it has multiplied itself billions of times, the living material is transferred to the huge tanks shown at left for final fermentation.

blood levels. Now Bristol Laboratories have developed a formulation of penicillin that, in a single injection, provides blood levels for seven or more days.

The pharmaceutical firms which produce penicillin have fermentation tanks of up to 50,000 gallons capacity in which a penicillium mold flourishes in a warm aseptic nutrient broth and reproduces in fantastic prolificacy.

The first step in the search for a new antibiotic is to place a pinch of earth in a flask of nutrient. Any pinch of earth, from anywhere, will contain spores of molds—perhaps as many as 20, often more. When the molds begin to grow, an experienced scientist can tell almost at a glance if any of the growths is promising. If it is, he transplants the growth to a separate tube and gives it more food. When the growth is lusty, he tests it against hard-to-kill bacteria, fungi, protozoa and even viruses.

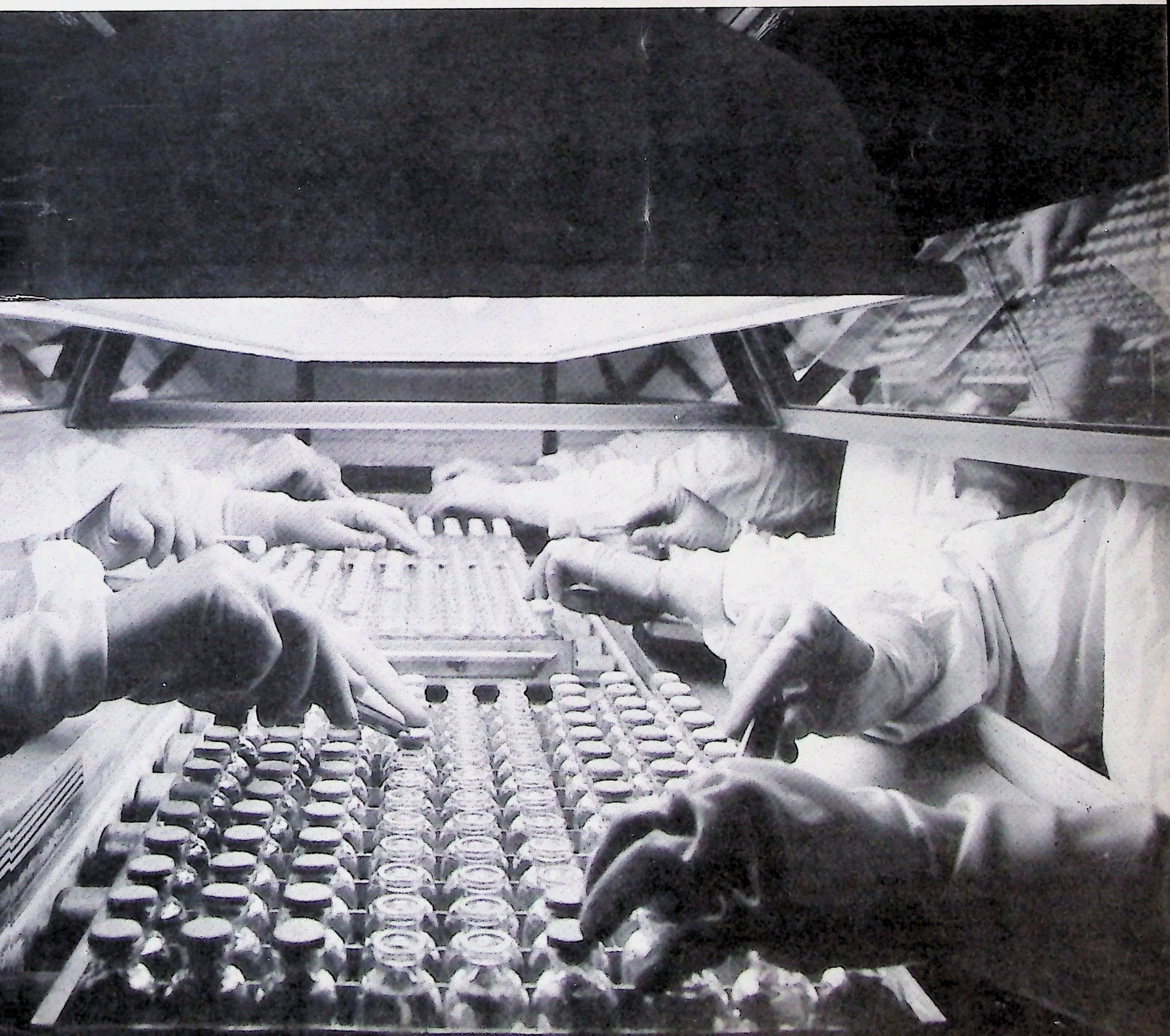
If the mold kills any form of germ, it is grown in larger quantities and tested further against germs growing in live animals. In the meantime each of several groups of scientists work to identify the parent mold, attempt to discover configuration of the antibiotic molecule and also to work on the chemical problems involved in growing the mold, extracting, isolating, purifying and packaging it.

All this, of course, may be lost labor if the drug proves to be unsuited for use in medicine.

A promising antibiotic may have to be abandoned because it is as toxic to the patient as to the germs or it may be one that accumulates in body tissues and fluids until the concentration poisons the patient. Whatever the reason, only about one antibiotic in each hundred discovered reaches the stage where it is seriously tried in the treatment of human disease.

Cancer and sleeping sickness are two of the diseases not yet curable with antibiotics. One antibiotic has been discovered to be 100 per cent successful in curing sleeping sickness in mice. Will a chemical cure for cancer be found? Dr. C. P. Rhoads, director of the Sloan-Kettering Institute and scientific director of the New York Memorial Center says that the question is no longer "if." It's "when." ♦

Packaging the antibiotic dosage forms for hypodermic use is done by sterile filling and capping in the manner shown below.

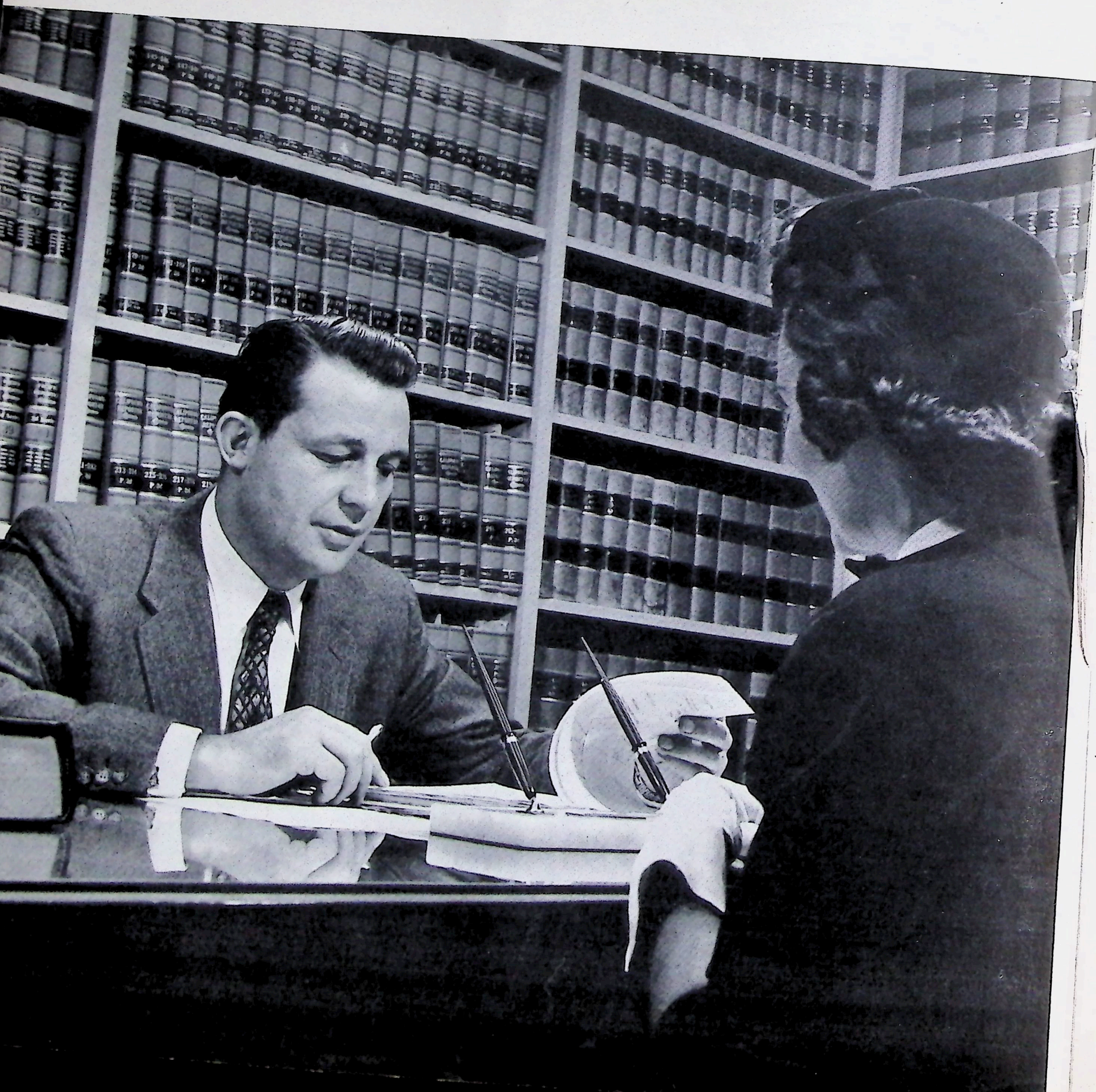


Your Legal Adviser

by Samuel G. Kling

In every city in the country court dockets are so filled that a case may have to wait months or years to be heard. This alarming situation alerted the American Bar Association to launch a program of "Preventive Law" at its own expense.

Pictured below is Guy Ward, president of the Beverly Hills, Calif., Bar Association, one of the first in the nation to begin a community "Preventive Law" public relations program.



You may never become involved in an unpleasant lawsuit or litigation, finding yourself benumbed by legal phraseology or lost in a maze of court procedure, but you can never hope to escape many instances where you will be faced with matters of a legal nature. The law is so interwoven into the fabric of society that it cannot help but enter into our lives to a very real and vital extent.

Many people manage to go through life without ever consulting a lawyer. Others beat a constant path to his door. Like patients who refuse to seek aid from a doctor and blindly ignore their ailments, some people avoid a lawyer when only he can bring them relief. Others insist on wasting his time on any pretext.

Lawyers, like doctors, hold a very necessary place in our society. The question confronting most people is when should a lawyer be consulted, and when will the application of common sense, supported by a little knowledge, serve the desired purpose.

In the eyes of the law ignorance is not an excuse. Therefore, it behooves every one of us, for our own benefit and for our own protection, to have at least some familiarity with legal principles and procedures. The old adage about a little knowledge being a dangerous thing may be true in regard to many matters, but here a little knowledge can be a most desirable and useful asset.

Consider for a moment a few of the occurrences that you, as Mr. or Mrs. Average American Citizen, may encounter at any time. Suppose, for instance, that you decide to take out a life insurance policy. How that policy can be interpreted, what constitutes fraud and misrepresentation in an application for insurance, and the scope of the agent's authority to bind his company are but some of the things you should consider in doing so. Or, let us say that you park your car in an accustomed parking lot. You come back for it three hours later to find that it has been stolen. Can you hold the owner of the parking lot responsible for the theft?

These are but a very few of the innumerable instances, chosen at random, where a knowledge of your legal rights may be of great value to you. In making a will, in signing a contract, in forming a partnership, in buying stock in a corporation, in purchasing real estate—in a host of other activities in which you engage during the course of your life—an understanding of your own legal rights and responsibilities, as well as those of other people, will stand you in good stead.

A wise plan is to consult a lawyer as soon as the legal matter in question comes up, not after the damage has been done. Many cases have been lost by the procrastination of clients, and especially is this true in damage suits. In other cases, a few dollars spent in obtaining sound legal advice may help to save you thousands of dollars later on or preclude costly and tedious litigation.

As a general rule, therefore, consult a lawyer whenever a legal paper is served on you—when you become involved in a personal injury or property damage claim, promptly upon an arrest in a criminal action, when you want to sue or are being sued, when you contemplate going into business or are buying or selling real estate, and in the writing of contracts, deeds or other legal papers.

There is no hard and fast rule for choosing a lawyer. As safe a guide as any, perhaps, is the recommendation of friends who have had dealings with him. A lawyer who satisfies a client over a period of time will generally prove satisfactory to others as well.

In selecting someone to represent you bear in mind the following characteristics of a good lawyer:

He is honest. He tells clients in unmistakable terms whether or not they have a meritorious claim. If he has any doubts or reservations about the outcome of the case he does not hesitate to mention them. He never guarantees results in any litigation, knowing that the trial of a lawsuit is by its very nature speculative. A good lawyer shies away from guaranteeing an acquittal in a criminal case or favorable results in a divorce suit. At most, he offers a reasoned opinion of what he believes to be his client's chances of winning or losing a case.

He is thorough. He prepares his legal documents and cases with care and deliberation, so that no hitch is likely to develop that might have been foreseen.

He is alert and resourceful. He can shrewdly appraise the strength and weakness of his opponent's case as well as his own. He looks for and finds anything that will help his side and damage his opponent's.

He is a good talker. He speaks convincingly and what he has to say makes sense. His arguments before a judge or jury are clear and persuasive.

He is tenacious. He does not give up easily and usually sees a legal matter through to its successful conclusion.

The relationship between an attorney and his client is a highly confidential one. Just as no priest would betray the confession of a penitent or a physician disclose a patient's intimate affairs, so no lawyer reveals information entrusted by a client. The law itself throws a protective cloak around the attorney and client—the lawyer being forbidden to disclose papers, letters and information given to him.

When you consult an attorney, be sure to tell him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There is a practical reason for this. It is only when the attorney is in full possession of all the facts that he can act intelligently on the matter at hand. No sensible patient conceals information that may help a physician effect a diagnosis and cure. Yet many clients withhold facts in the mistaken belief that the less a lawyer knows about the real situation the better.

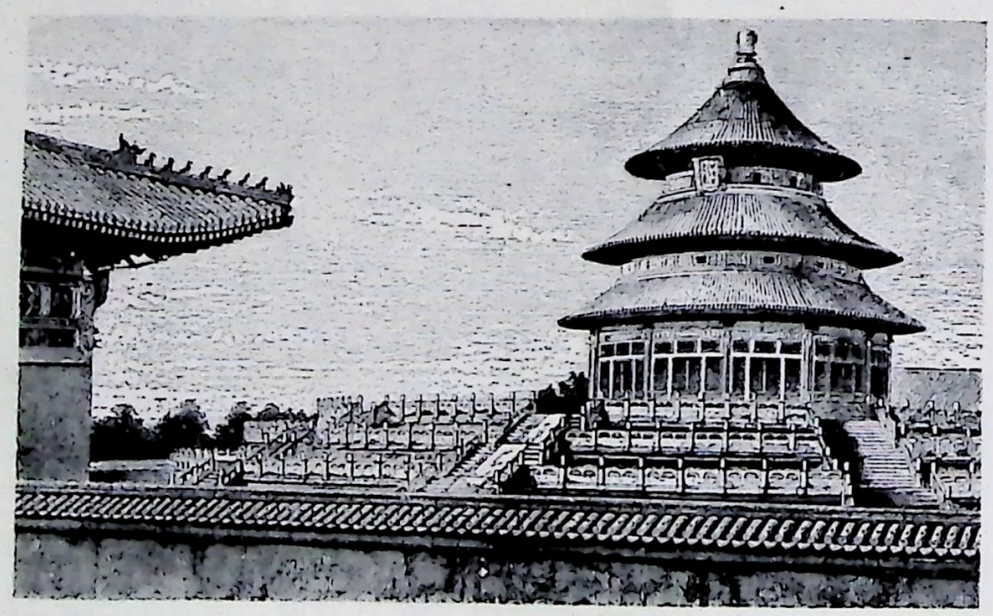
Given all the data, an attorney is able to determine which facts are relevant and which are not, which are useful and which are harmful to his client's interests. No layman can possibly do this. Presented with damaging information, a shrewd lawyer prepares his defense accordingly, in order not to be caught unawares by the opposition. Remember, the successful outcome of your case may depend on this!

A lawyer's advice is his chief stock in trade. Don't expect to receive free legal assistance unless, perhaps, you are a client of long standing. No one expects a pharmacist to provide free pills or an architect to draw a set of plans without sending a bill. Yet many people expect a lawyer to give advice without being charged for it. Good manners would suggest that after taking up an attorney's time, the client should at least make an offer of payment. If the lawyer is generous enough to refuse, that is another matter.

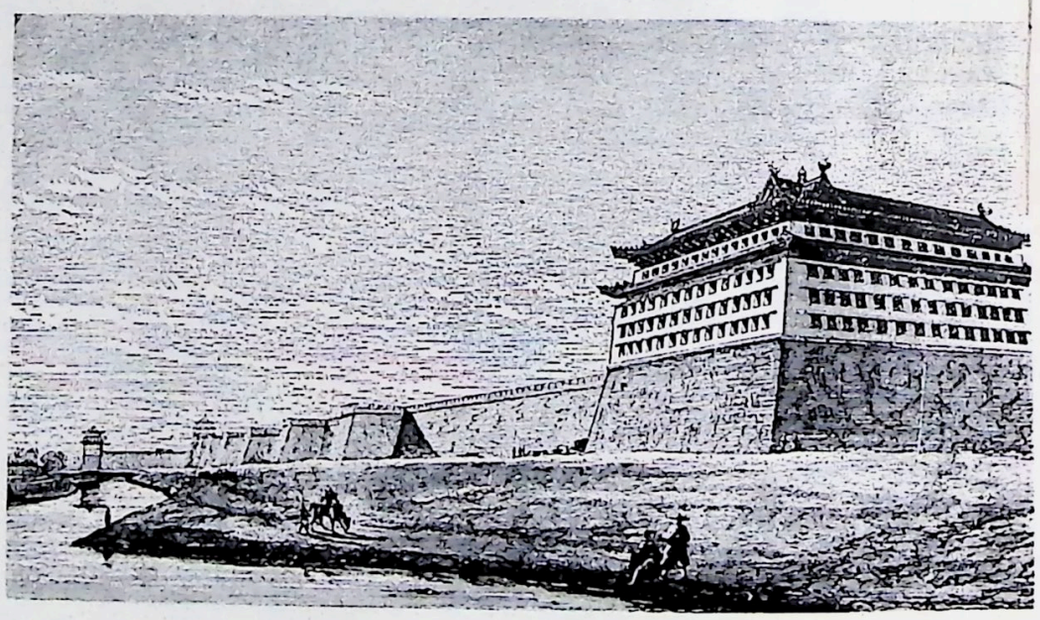
According to the American Bar Association, the principal elements which should determine the amount of a fee are the nature and extent of the services, the difficulties of the case, the novelty and doubtfulness of the question involved, the opposition encountered, the amount of time necessarily devoted to the matter by the lawyer, the amount involved, the importance and magnitude of the cause, the responsibility assumed by the lawyer, the results attained by the lawyer's efforts and the benefits and advantages they bring to the client, as well as the lawyer's experience, skill and standing in his profession. ♦

SPLENDOR IN CATHAY

by Henry Thomas and Dana Lee Thomas



Temple of Heaven in Peking



Walls of Peking

The age of Kublai Khan was one of hand labor and of artisan virtuosity and the fruits were for the very few. The distinction of honored members of Cathay's society was reserved for the men of contemplation, the scholars, poets and philosophers who sat absorbed upon the lofty throne of their thoughts.

Long after Adam, a group of men found another Eden—the Tartar conquerors of the Orient, toward the end of the twelfth century A.D. They galloped into China like the wind, with long, sharp arrows at their belts and with kettledrums that beat out the tune of war and victory. They had come from the sandy wastes of northern Asia, bringing with them their wooden idols and their fermented mare's milk. Genghis Khan was their ruler.

They took the vast fertile "Flowery Kingdom" for their own domain. But it was as brief as it was brilliant, this dynasty of an alien race of conquerors. The splendor of the Mongolian Khans lasted scarcely a hundred years. But how it dazzled the world during that brief century!

By far the most brilliant of the Mongolian rulers of China was the grandson of Genghis, Kublai Khan.

Kublai ascended the throne in 1260. He was 44 at the time—of medium height, with night-black eyes that flashed out from a thick, heavy, sensual face, an ample girth that added solidity to his commands, the beard of a sage and lips that had tasted the sweetness of many a rosy cheek.

One of the first bits of business that Kublai attended to upon his ascension to the throne was to provide himself with a harem. This he did on a grand scale. It was said that this great Khan became the father of 47 sons, and that when he went into battle his army was largely officered by his own family. It was not, however, as a warrior that Kublai Khan excelled. He was far more famous as the able administrator of a remarkable country.

For China, in the days of Kublai Khan, was the wonder of the world—a precious jewel on the garment of the East. A constant stream of merchandise flowed between the two leading cities, Peking and Hangchow. The rivers and the canals were spanned with a thousand bridges, alive with human traffic. The products of industry were carried in gaily colored junks, on the backs of horses and oxen and on bamboo poles slung across the shoulders of coolies.

Rich bazaars dotted the streets and magnificent warehouses lined the water front. The businessmen dealt largely in commodities of luxury and in oddities from foreign lands. They imported cargoes of perfume and silk, sable and ermine, fox skins and vair, musk from Tibet, sandalwood from Timor and spices and gum from Cochin China.

So when the two traveling merchants, Nicolo Polo and Maffeo Polo, came to his palace half the way across the globe from Venice there was nothing in the way of earthly goods that they could sell him. For he had them all. The Khan was as happy as a child over the story of the Bible. He was a great connoisseur of religions. The Jews, the Buddhists and the Moslems among his subjects had displayed the principles of their various creeds before his court, and the representatives of each of these creeds had begged him to choose one and to renounce the rest.

KUBLAI KHAN

But to make such a choice was against the temperament of Kublai. He must have as many facets for his faith as he had wives for his children. Monogamy in religion was as unthinkable to him as monogamy in marriage. As a mark of signal respect to the Polos, however, he introduced Christ into his household company along with the other divinities—Jehovah, Buddha and Allah.

"I worship and pay respect to all four of them," he announced, "and I pray that he among them who is greatest in heaven may come to my aid."

He was particularly impressed with the ethical basis of Christianity, and he agreed that it was a reasonable as well as a gentle enough religion. He liked the sublime picture of Jesus as drawn for him by the Polos, but he was a little amazed that "such an exalted man should have allowed himself to perish on the cross."

That sort of sacrifice, he insisted, a great Khan would never make. He could admire the tremendous influence that Jesus exerted upon the masses of western Europe, but it was beyond his power to understand that Jesus wielded this influence through humility and not through force.

What interested him even more than the story of Jesus was the story of the Pope. *That* he could understand—the picture of a noble prince, wealthy, proud and powerful like himself. Hence he asked the Polos to return to Europe and to bring back from the Pope a commission of 500 good Christians who might present the case of Christianity after the manner of barristers.

Following Kublai Khan's instructions, the two merchants returned to Europe and brought back with them, not the 500 wise men, but a couple of Dominicans and Maffeo's son, Marco Polo. This ingratiating young merchant of Venice promptly insinuated himself into the good will of the great Khan—not, however, by his Christianity, but by his witty tongue and his stomach for wine.

Marco remained a guest of Kublai Khan for 25 years. During this time he rose high in the councils of the state, became one of Kublai's provincial governors and stuck fast to his Christian principles but succeeded in imposing nary a one on the Khan.

For the mighty Khan felt self-sufficient in his vainglorious pomp. His palace in Peking was encompassed by a wall 16 miles in circumference. The banquet room, large enough to seat 1,000 guests, sparkled with its tapestries of vermilion and green and with its ornaments of chrysoprase and silver and gold.

There were gardens and fountains, and rivers and brooks, and bow-shaped lakes for the emperor's fishing and ancient forests for his hunting. Paved highways, two cubits above the level of the ground, spanned the estate; the rain washed down from the sides and left the highways always dry. In the midst of the estate there was a dome-like, artificial hill, all carpeted with green:

A stately pleasure dome had he,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

His was perhaps the most dazzling reign in all history. When he sat down to his meals the waiters stuffed their mouths with silk napkins so that their breath might not contaminate his food. When

he put the wine cup to his lips a flock of musicians piped out a joyous tune, and the whole company of attendants, usually 8 to 10,000, bent their knees in humble obeisance. This elaborate ceremony was repeated every day of the emperor's rule with the promptitude of a church service.

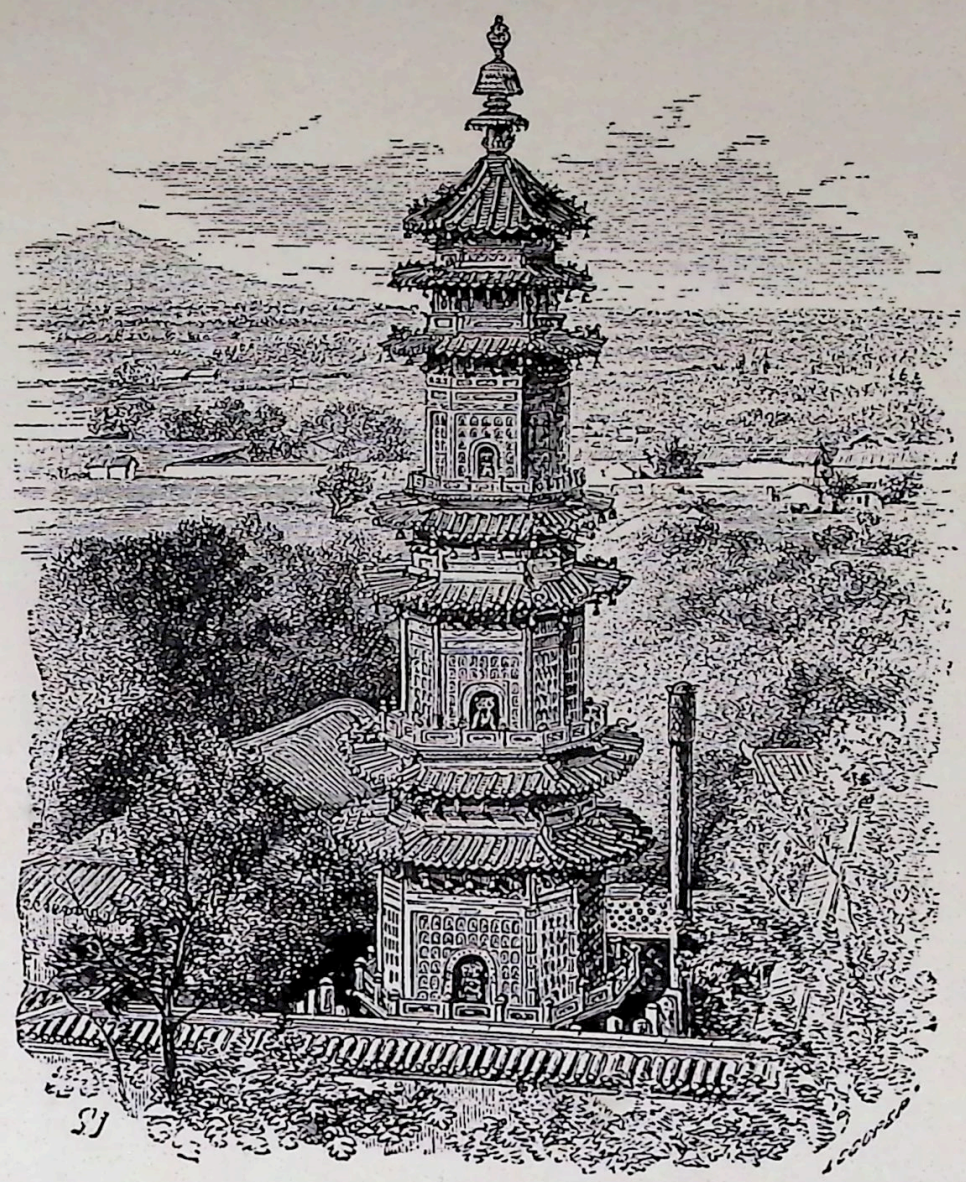
He paraded before his subjects on New Year's Day in the midst of a thousand white elephants. He rewarded the military exploits of his captains with heavy tablets of gold. He dined his ministers of state in silver chairs. And once a year he handed out money to the poor—not through any sense of obligation, but rather as a divine compensation. For he regarded himself as a God—and what would become of a God if he lost his retinue of worshipers?

Yet all this magnificence cost him not a penny of precious metal. He paid for everything he possessed, not with gold, but with a currency made from the bark of the mulberry tree, stamped with his royal seal. These bills, which had no treasury backing, and which were issued without limit, were circulated with as much solemnity and authority as if they were pure gold or silver.

The important thing was that Kublai Khan, for whom alone, apparently, the arbiters of Destiny had created the world, could buy all its pleasures and its treasures at no cost to himself. The merchants were compelled to give him their gold and their silver and their spices and their wines—all in return for his worthless strips of mulberry bark. In this way, Marco Polo tells us, Kublai Khan "acquired more riches than any other monarch in the world."

Kublai died at the age of 82, sated with his wives and his pleasures and his pomp. His hundred wives were buried alive with him, in accordance with the Mongolian custom of the day. And when the pallbearers, carrying the royal body to its final resting place, encountered any of his subjects on the way they drew their swords and slew them, shouting, "Go serve your master in heaven. He needs you there!"

It can hardly be possible, however, that Kublai has need of any servants in heaven. Certainly the servants in heaven have no need of Kublai Khan. ♦



Pagoda of Kublai Khan's summer palace

Peking ladies taking an airing in their coolie chair

MATHEMATICS

ASTRONOMY

PHYSICS

CHEMISTRY

BIOLOGY

PHILOSOPHY

PSYCHOLOGY

PHILOLOGY

LOGIC

LAW

PSYCHOLOGY

PHILOSOPHY

BIOLOGY

PHILOLOGY

LITERATURE

HISTORY

GEOGRAPHY

GEOLOGY

PHYSIOLOGY

PSYCHIATRY

THE PURSUIT OF WISDOM

by Durant Drake

Protagoras, if tradition can be trusted, coined the term "*philosopher*"—lover, wooer, of wisdom. Certainly the word was used in this sense by Socrates and his disciples. Thus, by its earliest usage, *philosophy is the pursuit of wisdom*, and, we may add, its formulation in words.

What, then, is *wisdom?* Socrates was sure that it springs from knowledge—above all, from knowledge of oneself. And this knowledge is to be found, not by the easy acceptance of tradition, however venerable, not by any romantic flight of the imagination or hopeful objectification of the heart's desire. Wisdom can be won only by wide acquaintance with brute fact. But wisdom itself is not a bare accumulation of facts, however encyclopedic and exact.

It is not mere knowledge, it is its distillation. It is like honey, every drop of which is the result of many trips to many flowers. Like honey it finds its function in furnishing sustenance to life. True, philosophy, as Novalis said, bakes no bread. Rather, it has for its high concern the nature of man and of this mysterious world in which he finds himself. It tries to read the riddle of his existence, to weigh the claims of his multitudinous, often divergent interests, and, by so doing, to determine the direction of his highest good.

Science is the Latin name for *knowledge.* We may say that knowledge in any field in so far as it is organized is science. Scientific knowledge ripens in its measure into wisdom, and is applied in a thousand ways for the enhancement of life. How then does *philosophy*—the pursuit of wisdom, differ from *science?*

Some say that science deals necessarily with a world of mere appearance, while philosophy penetrates deeper and pictures to us the world of reality.

There is a measure of truth in this and more than is realized by the unsophisticated. We must presently consider carefully the accusation that science is vitiated by irremediable illusion, and try to disentangle the exact truth in so sweeping an indictment. But for the moment we shall merely say this: science proves that it is dealing with reality by its practical success in shaping our fortunes, by fending off calamities and attaining for us what we seek.

We need not be so humble as to think that only the few enlightened are in touch with the real world. Every bit of science, every bit of common, everyday knowledge, is in its degree actual knowledge of the world, though it may be symbolic rather than literal.

Some eulogists of philosophy have it that while science gives us facts, philosophy concerns itself with values.

There are any number of sciences—or studies on their way to becoming science—which deal with values of various sorts: such studies as pedagogy, penology, political science, hygiene, jurisprudence, business administration; for that matter, history and psychology, so far as they deal with forms of happiness and pain. And there is the study of music and all the arts. Philosophy is by no means unique in studying values. Nor are values its sole concern.

The point is, rather, that philosophy studies *values*, as it studies all things, *in their wider relationships.* By putting a given set of evaluations as it puts a given set of facts, in a larger perspective, it may be said to *interpret* them—for this is what interpretation is. *Values* are a kind of fact and can be studied in detail by sciences developed *ad hoc.* Philosophy is the final umpire, the ultimate arbiter of evaluations and appreciations, as it is of all apparently conflicting conclusions of the understanding. Philosophy does not *extend* human knowledge. Philosophy clarifies, deepens and integrates it for us.

Human knowledge has become too vast to be grasped in detail by any one person. It has to be parceled out. The rule for savants, as for political tyrants, is divide and rule. All knowledge was originally one with philosophy. As it grew and grew it split apart, like protoplasm, until it has become in our day a whole family of sciences, each with its own sphere of interest. Each of these sciences deals either with some particular properties of things, as

(continued on page 77)

A Lincoln

by Ralph Waldo Emerson

The President stood before us as a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Black Hawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural legislature of Illinois. On such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid.

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter so he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head—he was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly.

He was a great worker, had prodigious faculty of performance, worked easily. This man was sound to the core, cheerful and persistent.

His broad good humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret, to meet every kind of man and every rank in society, to take off the edge of the severest decisions, to mask his own purpose and sound his companion and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed.

He was the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests. Only later, by the very acceptance they find in the mouths of millions, they turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion.

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the problem of the day and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event.

In the midst of fears and jealousies, the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted and how to obtain that.

If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule.

In four years of battle days, his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. ♦

Abraham Lincoln, whose neighbors called him "honest," gained his first national recognition during his debates with Stephen A. Douglas by his "house-divided" stand. At the first national convention ever held in Chicago, May 16, 1860, delegates from the 34 states met in the "Wigwam," built by the Republicans of Chicago the month previous. Never having been in power, the Republican party was anxious to gain support from all its factions through its nominee. Lincoln was chosen over Seward and Chase on the ground of his being less-noted. After his nomination he was advised by the party heads to refrain from making any political speeches.

Major planks of the Republican platform adopted during the convention denied the right of any authority to give legal existence to slavery in the national territory, urged the admission of Kansas as a state and called for the construction, with federal aid, of a railroad to the Pacific.

When the Rail Splitter from Illinois was taking his first steps toward the White House the question was not the abolition of slavery but the return of run-away slaves from the North. In his debates, Lincoln had not proposed to confiscate the slave property of the South but to prevent slavery from spreading to other parts of the country.

Lincoln had not met the vice-presidential nominee, Hannibal M. Hamlin, and two months after the convention wrote to him saying he hoped they would be introduced soon.

Life in the White House

by John Hay

The daily life of the White House during the momentous years of Lincoln's presidency had a character of its own, different from that of any previous or subsequent time. In the first days after the inauguration there was the unprecedented rush of office-seekers, inspired by a strange mixture of enthusiasm and greed, pushed by motives which were perhaps at bottom selfish but which had a curious touch of that deep emotion which had stirred the heart of the nation in the late election.

They were not all ignoble. Among that dense crowd swarming the staircases and corridors, there were many well-to-do men who were seeking office to their own evident damage. This was simply because they wished to be a part, however humble, of a government which they had aided to put in power and to which they were sincerely devoted.

Many of the visitors who presented so piteous a figure in those early days of 1861 afterwards marched, with the independent dignity of a private soldier, in the ranks of the Union Army or rode at the head of their regiments like men born to command. There were few who had not a story worth listening to, if there were time and opportunity. But the numbers were so great, the competition was so keen that they ceased for the moment to be regarded as individuals drowned as they were in the general sea of solicitation.

Few of them received office. When after weeks of waiting, one of them got access to the President, he was received with kindness. The tall, melancholy-looking man sitting at a desk with his back to a window which opened upon a fair view of the Potomac

Saying goodbye in Springfield Lincoln had a foreboding, confided to his law partner, that he would never return. But he asked him to keep his shingle up anyway. On the journey to Washington news of a conspiracy plot reached the Lincoln party in Philadelphia. Allan Pinkerton, the famed detective, changed the travel schedule, divided the Lincoln party and ordered the telegraph wires from Philadelphia to Washington cut to protect Lincoln's movements.

The hatred running rampant at the inaugural was illustrated by the shambles of the Capitol. Deliberate suspension of its completion by the retiring administration made evident the impending crisis of the Republic. On March 4, 1861, in a sea of white shirt bosoms and silk top hats to contrast strangely with the coonskin-capped Mid-westerners who had flocked to the District, Lincoln appealed "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies." But trouble was already beginning at Fort Sumter.

On April 12, at 4:30 a.m., General Beauregard fired on the Fort and the Civil War had begun. Robert E. Lee resigned from the Federal forces and Richmond was chosen as the new capital of the Confederacy. There were nine million people in the 11 seceded states, of whom 3,500,000 were Negro slaves.

heard his story with a gentle patience, took his papers and referred them to one of the Departments and that was all. The fatal pigeonholes devoured them.

He disliked anything that kept people from him who wanted to see him. The continual contact with importunity which he could not satisfy and with distress which he could not always relieve wore terribly upon him.

He continued to the end receiving these swarms of visitors, every one of whom, even the most welcome, took something away from him in the way of wasted nervous force. Henry Wilson once remonstrated with him about it: "You will wear yourself out." He replied, with one of those smiles in which there was so much sadness, "They don't want much. They get but little, and I must see them." In most cases he could do them no good and it afflicted him to see he could not make them understand the impossibility of granting their requests.

Sometimes a word fitly spoken had its results. When R. B. Ayres called on him in company with Senator Harris and was introduced as a captain of artillery who had taken part in a recent unsuccessful engagement he asked, "How many guns did you take in?" "Six," Ayres answered. "How many did you bring out?" the President asked, maliciously. "Eight." This unexpected reply did much to gain Ayres his merited promotion.

The President rose early, as his sleep was light and capricious. In the summer, when he lived at the Soldiers' Home, he would take his frugal breakfast and ride into town in time to be at his desk at eight o'clock. He began to receive visits nominally at ten o'clock but long before that hour struck the doors were besieged by anxious crowds, through whom the people of importance, Senators and members of Congress, elbowed their way after the fashion which still survives.

On days when the Cabinet met, Tuesdays and Fridays, the hour of noon closed the interviews of the morning. On other days it was the President's custom, at about that hour, to order the doors to be opened and all who were waiting to be admitted. The crowd would rush in, thronging the narrow room and one by one would make their wants known.

Some came merely to shake hands, to wish him Godspeed; their errand was soon done. Others came asking help or mercy. They usually pressed forward, careless, in their pain, as to what ears should overhear their prayer. But there were many who lingered in the rear and leaned against the wall, hoping each to be the last, that they might in tete-a-tete unfold their schemes for their own advantage or their neighbors' hurt. These were often disconcerted by the President's loud and hearty, "Well, friend, what can I do for you?" which compelled them to speak or retire and wait for a more convenient season.

Inventors were more a source of amusement to him than annoyance. They were usually men of some originality of character, not infrequently carried to eccentricity. Lincoln had a quick comprehension of mechanical principles and often detected a flaw in an invention which the contriver had overlooked. He would sometimes go out into the waste fields that then lay south of the Executive Mansion to test an experimental gun or torpedo. He used to quote

with much merriment the solemn dictum of one rural inventor that "a gun ought not to rekyle; if it rekyled at all, it ought to rekyle a little forrid."

He was particularly interested in the first rude attempts at the afterwards famous mitrailleuses. On one occasion he worked one with his own hands at the Arsenal and sent forth peals of Homeric laughter as the balls, which had not power to penetrate the target set up at a little distance, came bounding back among the shins of the bystanders.

At luncheon time, he had literally to run the gauntlet through the crowds who filled the corridors between his office and the rooms at the west end of the house occupied by the family. The afternoon wore away in much the same manner as the morning. Late in the day he usually drove out for an hour's airing. At six o'clock he dined.

He was one of the most abstemious of men. The pleasures of the table had few attractions for him. His breakfast was an egg and a cup of coffee and at luncheon he rarely took more than a biscuit and a glass of milk, a plate of fruit in its season. At dinner he ate sparingly of one or two courses. He drank little or no wine—not that he remained always on principle a total abstainer as he was during a part of his early life in the fervor of the Washingtonian reform, but he never cared for wine.

Mr. Lincoln's life was almost devoid of recreation. He sometimes went to the theater, and was particularly fond of a play of Shakespeare well acted. He was so delighted with Hackett in *Falstaff* that he wrote him a letter of warm congratulation which pleased the veteran actor so much that he gave it to the *New*

The strategy of Lincoln's generals to rend the Confederate forces was to starve the South by blockading her coastline, to seize Richmond in the east and to capture the Mississippi and Tennessee rivers so that the two Federal armies would join and crush the South. The major campaigns were fought in the vicinity of the rival capitals, between the slopes of the Appalachians and the Mississippi and on the high seas by cruisers, privateers and blockade runners.

Flanking Lincoln (l. to r.) are Generals Porter, Farragut, Sherman, Thomas, Grant and Sheridan.

York Herald, which printed it with abusive comments. Hackett was greatly mortified and made suitable apologies, upon which the President wrote to him again in the kindliest manner saying:

"Give yourself no uneasiness on the subject... I certainly did not expect to see my note in print, yet I have not been much shocked by the comments upon it. They are a fair specimen of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice and have received a great deal of kindness, not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it."

This incident had the usual sequel. The veteran comedian asked for an office, which the President was not able to give him, and the pleasant acquaintance ceased. A hundred times this experience was repeated. A man whose disposition and talk were agreeable would be introduced to the President who took pleasure in his conversation. After two or three interviews this congenial person would ask some favor impossible to grant and go away in bitterness of spirit. It is a cross that every President must bear.

Mr. Lincoln spent most of his evenings in his office, though occasionally he remained in the drawing room after dinner conversing with visitors or listening to music—for which he had an especial liking though he was not versed in the science. He preferred simple ballads to more elaborate compositions.

In his office he was not often suffered to be alone. Frequently he passed the evening there with a few friends in frank and free conversation. If the company was all of one sort he was at his best—his wit and rich humor had free play—and he was once more the Lincoln of the Eighth Circuit, the cheeriest of talkers, the riskiest of story tellers. But if a stranger came in, Lincoln put on in an instant his whole armor of dignity and reserve. He had a singular discernment of men. He would talk of the most important political and military concerns with a freedom which often amazed his intimates, but we do not recall an instance in which this confidence was misplaced.

Where only one or two were present he was fond of reading aloud. He passed many of the summer evenings in this way when occupying his cottage at the Soldiers' Home. He read Shakespeare more than all other writers together. He made no attempt to keep pace with the ordinary literature of the day.

As time wore on and the war held its terrible course, upon no one of all those who lived through it was its effect more apparent than upon the President. He bore the sorrows of the Nation in his own heart. He suffered deeply not only from disappointments, from treachery, from hope deferred, from the open assaults of enemies and from the sincere anger of discontented friends, but also from the world-wide distress and affliction which flowed from the great conflict in which he was engaged and which he could not evade.

One of the most tender and compassionate of men, he was forced to give orders which cost thousands of lives. By nature a man of order and thrift, he saw the daily spectacle of unutterable waste and destruction which he could not prevent. The cry of the widow and the orphan was always in his ears. His was the awful responsibility of being the protector of an imperiled republic but it did not make him unmindful of the intimate details of that vast sum of human misery involved in a civil war.

Under this frightful ordeal his demeanor and disposition changed—so gradually that it would be impossible to say when the change began—but he was in mind, body and nerves a very different man at the second inauguration from the one who had taken the oath in 1861. He continued always the same kindly, genial and cordial spirit he had been at first but the boisterous laughter became less frequent year by year. The eye grew veiled by constant meditation on momentous subjects... the air of reserve and detachment from his surroundings increased. He aged with great rapidity. ♦

On August 16, 1861, Lincoln provided for the emancipation of all slaves employed in arms of labor against the Federal cause. Later in April, 1862 he abolished slavery in the District of Columbia. In July he liberated all slaves committing treason or supporting rebellion. Here Lincoln is shown reading the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863 declaring that all slaves in areas still in rebellion were "then, thenceforward, and forever free." The Proclamation did not apply to areas over which the Federal government exercised control.

No ceremony was made or attempted of this final signing. There was no special convocation of the Cabinet (l. to r.) Edwin M. Stanton, Salmon P. Chase, Gideon Welles, Caleb B. Smith, Montgomery Blair, Edward Bates and in the foreground with hand in coat, William H. Seward. Lincoln's signature was attached to one of the greatest and most beneficent decrees in history in the presence of less than a dozen persons, after which it was carried to the Department of State to be attested by the great seal and deposited among the archives of government. Lincoln's right hand had been so fatigued from New Year's greetings earlier in the day that it was an effort to hold the pen.

Lincoln went to the battlefield at Gettysburg on July 4, 1863, to deliver an address he had long thought out. Whether his notes of it were in his hat, where it was his habit to keep things for easy reference, is not known. When asked for the text later, he wrote five versions of what he thought he had said. The text below was signed by him as being the most exact.

Address delivered at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg.

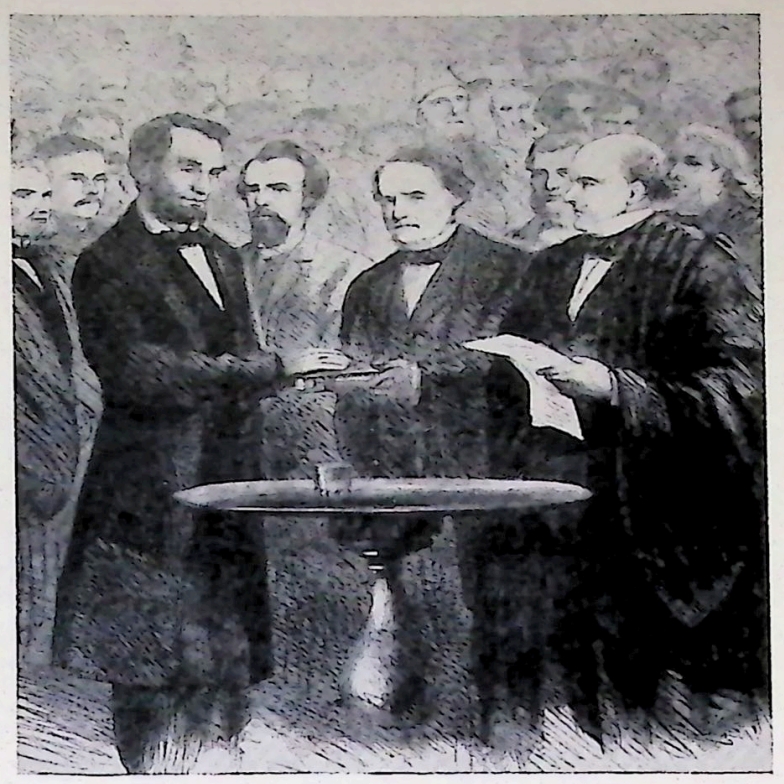
Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.



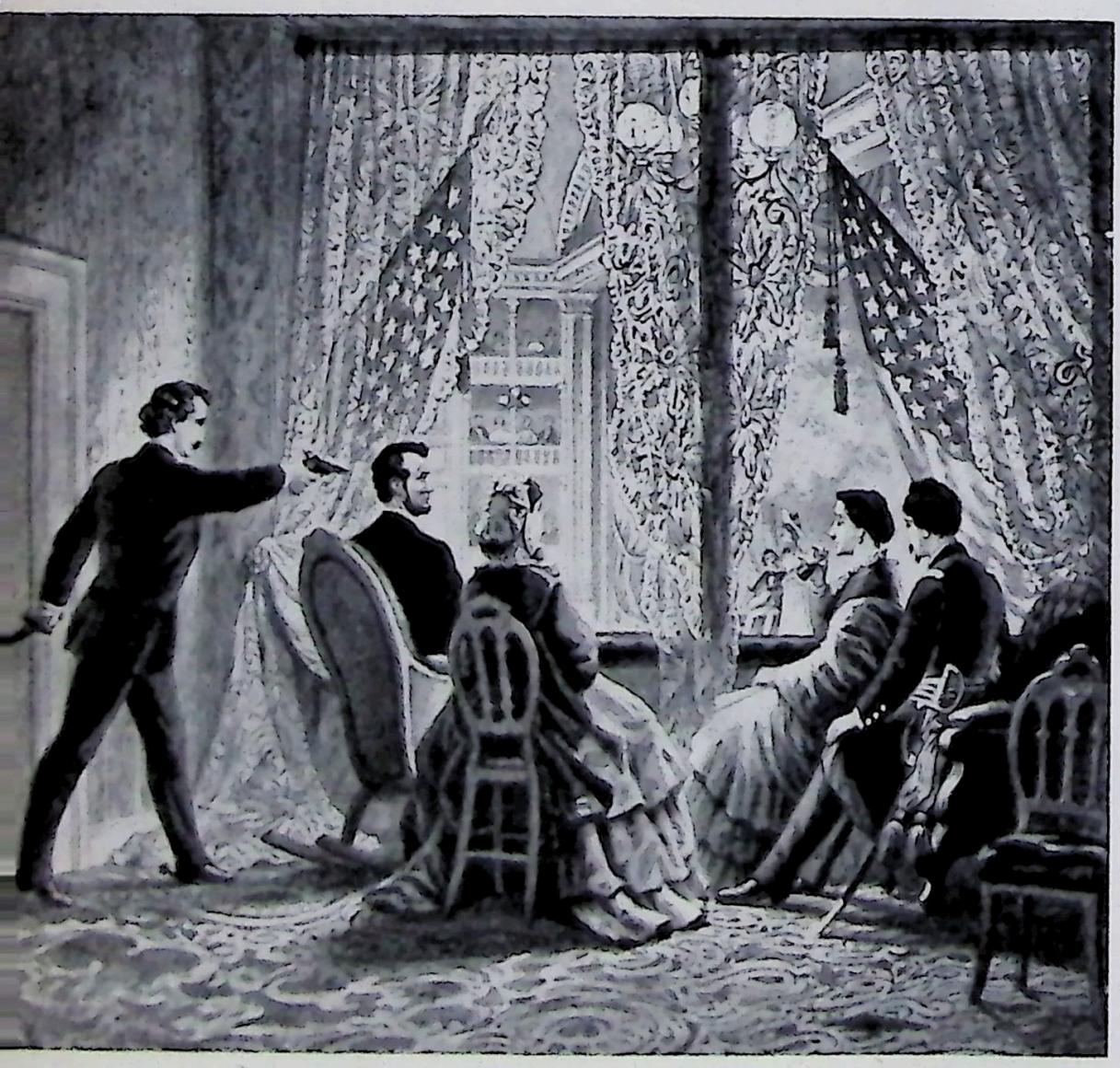
For his second campaign, Lincoln ran on the Union ticket rather than as a candidate for the Republican party. The convention wanted to attract War Democrats. He and Andrew Johnson as vice-president were sworn to office March 4, 1865. The Union President said "'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether'... With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in." On April 3 the Confederate army abandoned its capital.

Lincoln went to Richmond while the black smoke still curled in the air. "Glory, Hallelujah!"—the cries rang out. Hymns were heard echoing from all corners of the city, sung in voices of the Negroes of the South. "Glory, Hallelujah! Massa Lincoln."

On April 7, 1865, Lee surrendered unconditionally to General Grant. When the news reached Washington and crowds gathered at the White House, the President came out on a balcony. He stood for a moment then turned to the band. "Strike up Dixie," he said smilingly. Lincoln was glad. Lincoln was weary. He had fulfilled his promise of Union to the voters that this "nation conceived in Liberty ...shall not perish from the earth." One week later, an assassin's bullet acted as a period to the final chapter of a life which "so nobly advanced" the United States of America.

DEATH OF LINCOLN

by John G. Nicolay



It was about noon on April 14 that Booth learned that the President was to go to Ford's Theater that night to see the play *Our American Cousin*. It has always been a matter of surprise in Europe that he should have been at a place of amusement on Good Friday but the day was not kept sacred in America, except by the members of certain churches. The President was fond of the theater. It was one of his few means of recreation. Besides, the town was thronged with soldiers and officers, all eager to see him. By appearing in public he would gratify many people whom he could not otherwise meet.

Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her and they had accepted. The announcement that they would be present had been made in the evening papers but they changed their plans and went north by an afternoon train. Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their stead Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, the daughter and the stepson of Senator Ira Harris.

Being detained by visitors, the play had made some progress when the President appeared. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing, the audience rose, cheering tumultously, the President bowed in acknowledgment and the play went on.

From the moment he learned of the President's intention, Booth's every action was alert and energetic. He and his confederates were seen on horseback in every part of the city. He had a hurried conference with Mrs. Surratt before she started for Lloyd's tavern. He entrusted to an actor named Matthews a carefully prepared statement of his reasons for committing the murder, which he charged him to give to the publisher of the *National Intelligencer* but which Matthews, in the terror and dismay of the night, burned without showing to anyone.

Booth was perfectly at home in Ford's Theater. Either by himself or with the aid of friends, he arranged his whole plan of attack and escape during the afternoon. He counted upon address and audacity to gain access to the small passage behind the President's box. Once there, he guarded against interference by an arrangement of a wooden bar to be fastened by a simple mortise in the angle of the wall and the door by which he had entered, so that the door could not be opened from without.

He even provided for the contingency of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in its door through which he might either observe the occupants or take aim and shoot. He hired at a livery stable a small, fleet horse.

A few minutes before ten o'clock, leaving his horse at the rear of the theater in charge of a callboy, he went into a neighboring saloon, took a drink of brandy. Entering the theater, he passed rapidly to the little hallway leading to the President's box. Showing a card to the servant in attendance, he was allowed to enter, closed the door noiselessly and secured it with the wooden bar he had previously made ready, without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself yet remained the partition and the door through which he had made the hole.

No one, not even the comedian who uttered them, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were spoken that night – the last Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth. The tragedy in the box turned play and players to the most unsubstantial of phantoms ... The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. Hate and brandy had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened

the box door, put the pistol to the President's head and fired. Major Rathbone sprang to grapple with him and received a savage knife wound in the arm. Then rushing forward Booth placed his hand on the railing of the box and vaulted to the stage.

It was a high leap but nothing to such an athlete. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the flag that draped the front of the box. He fell, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but though the fall had broken his leg he rose instantly, and brandishing his knife and shouting, "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight.

Major Rathbone called, "Stop him!" The cry rang out, "He has shot the President!" and from the audience, stupid at first with surprise, and wild afterward with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the assassin. But he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, rewarding with a kick and a curse the boy who held him, and escaped into the night.

The President scarcely moved. His head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Major Rathbone, not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and someone on the outside beating and clamoring for admittance. It was at once seen that the President's wound was mortal. A large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side and, passing through the brain, lodged just behind the left eye.

He was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted and was taken home. Messengers were sent for the Cabinet, for the Surgeon General, for Dr. Stone, Mr. Lincoln's family physician, and for others whose official or private relations to the President gave them the right to be there.

A crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to the eldest son, Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat together in an upper room. They ran downstairs and, as they were entering a carriage to drive to Tenth Street, a friend came up and told them that Mr. Seward and most of the Cabinet had been murdered. The news seemed so improbable that they hoped it was all untrue. On reaching Tenth Street the excitement and the gathering crowds prepared them for the worst.

In a few moments those who had been sent for and many others were assembled in the little chamber where the Chief of the State lay in his agony. His son was met at the door by Dr. Stone, the family physician, who with grave tenderness informed him that there was no hope. ♦

from the Wisdom of ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I am very little inclined on any occasion to say anything unless I hope to produce some good by it.

I believe I shall never be old enough to speak without embarrassment when I have nothing to talk about.

Always bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any other one thing.

I say "try"; if we never try, we shall never succeed.

I cannot understand why men should be so eager after money. Wealth is simply a superfluity of what we don't need.

I am not accustomed to the use of the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America!

Writing, the art of communicating thoughts to the mind through the eye, is the greatest invention of the world. Its utility may be conceived by the reflection that to it we owe everything which distinguishes us from savages. Take it from us, and the Bible, all history, all science, all government, all commerce, and nearly all social intercourse, go with it.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be diverted from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury.

Great distance in either time or space has wonderful power to lull and render quiescent the human mind.

When an end is lawful and obligatory, the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory.

We know nothing of what will happen in future, but by the analogy of past experience.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

I believe it is an established maxim in morals that he who makes an assertion without knowing whether it is true or false is guilty of falsehood, and the accidental truth of the assertion does not justify or excuse him.

This is a world of compensation; and he, who would be no slave must consent to have no slave.

"A drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall." So with men. If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend.

How miserably things seem to be arranged in this world! If we have no friends, we have no pleasure; and if we have them, we are sure to lose them, and be doubly pained by the loss.

If we have patience, if we restrain ourselves, if we allow ourselves not to run off in a passion, I still have confidence that the Almighty, the Maker of the Universe, will, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people, bring us through this as He has through all the other difficulties of our country.

God selects his own instruments, and sometimes they are queer ones; for instance, He chose me to steer the ship through a great crisis.

The power of hope upon human exertion and happiness is wonderful.

Human action can be modified to some extent, but human nature cannot be changed.

A jury too often has at least one member more ready to hang the panel than to hang the traitor.

Universal idleness would speedily result in universal ruin.

I believe each individual is naturally entitled to do as he pleases with himself and the fruits of his labor, so far as it in no wise interferes with any other men's rights.

It is as much the duty of government to render prompt justice against itself, in favor of citizens, as it is to administer the same between private individuals.

History is not history unless it is the truth.

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far shall I succeed in gratifying this ambition, is yet to be developed.

> Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling.

There are two ways of establishing a proposition. One is by trying to demonstrate it upon reason; and the other is, to show that great men in former times have thought so and so, and thus to pass it by the weight of pure authority.

> In regard to this great book [Bible], I have but to say, it is the best gift God has given to men. All the good Saviour gave to the world was communicated through this book. But for it we could not know right from wrong. All things most desirable for man's welfare, here and hereafter, are to be found portrayed in it.

Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief—resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer.

> Nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences.

In law it is good policy to never plead what you need not, lest you oblige yourself to prove what you cannot.

> Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation.

What constitutes the bulwark of our own liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlements, or bristling seacoasts, our army and navy. These are not our reliance against tyranny. All of those may be turned against us without making us weaker for the struggle. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prized liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands everywhere. Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of despotism at your own doors.

> A tendency to melancholy... let it be observed, is a misfortune, not a fault.

All creation is a mine, and every man a miner. The whole earth, and all within it, upon it, and round about it, including himself, in his physical, moral and intellectual nature, and his susceptibilities, are the infinitely various "leads," from which man, from the first, was to dig out his destiny. In the beginning the mine was unopened, and the miner stood naked and knowledgeless upon it.

> Happy day when—all appetities controlled, all poisons subdued, all matter subjected—mind, all conquering mind, shall live and move, the monarch of the world. Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail.

When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and Gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.

> Whenever this [slavery] question shall be settled, it must be settled on some philosophical basis. No policy that does not rest upon philosophical public opinion can be permanently maintained.

It is better only sometimes to be right, than at all times to be wrong.

> A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people and its laws. The territory is the only part which is of certain durability.

The people know their rights, and they are never slow to assert and maintain them, when they are invaded.

> Wisdom and patriotism, in a public office, under institutions like ours, are wholly inefficient and worthless, unless they are sustained by the confidence and devotion of the people.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

> The Presidency, even to the most experienced politicians, is no bed of roses.

Reports are often false, and always false when made by a knave to cloak his knavery.

> Bad promises are better broken than kept.

In this and like communities, public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed. Consequently he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed.

> With educated people, I suppose, punctuation is a matter of rule; with me it is a matter of feeling. But I must say I have a great respect for the semicolon; it's a useful little chap.

A capacity and taste for reading gives access to whatever has been discovered by others. It is the key, or one of the keys, to the already solved problems. And not only so; it gives a relish and facility for successfully pursuing the unsolved ones.

> His [man's] first discovery was the fact that he was naked; and his first invention was the fig-leaf apron. This simple article, the apron made of leaves, seems to have been the origin of clothing – the one thing for which nearly half of the toil and care of the human race has ever since been expended.

Surely God would not have created such a being as man, with an ability to grasp the infinite, to exist only for a day! No, no, man was made for immortality.

> I hold that while man exists it is his duty to improve not only his own condition, but to assist in ameliorating mankind... I am for those means which will give the greatest good to the greatest number.

VISION and IDEALS

by James Allen

The dreamers are the saviours of the world. As the visible world is sustained by the invisible, so men, through all their trials and sins and sordid vocations, are nourished by the beautiful visions of their solitary dreamers. Humanity cannot forget its dreamers. It cannot let their ideals fade and die. It lives in them. It knows them as the *realities* which it shall one day see and know.

Composer, sculptor, painter, poet, prophet, sage, these are the makers of the after-world, the architects of heaven. The world is beautiful because they have lived. Without them, laboring humanity would perish.

He who cherishes a beautiful vision, a lofty ideal in his heart, will one day realize it. Columbus cherished a vision of another world and he discovered it. Copernicus fostered the vision of a multiplicity of worlds and a wider universe and he revealed it. Buddha beheld the vision of a spiritual world of stainless beauty and perfect peace and he entered into it.

Cherish your visions. Cherish your ideals. Cherish the music that stirs in your heart, the beauty that forms in your mind, the loveliness that drapes your purest thoughts, for out of them will grow all delightful conditions, all heavenly environment. Of these, if you but remain true to them, your world will at last be built.

To desire is to obtain—to aspire is to achieve. Shall man's basest desires receive the fullest measure of gratification and his purest aspirations starve for lack of sustenance? Such is not the Law: such a condition of things can never obtain: "Ask and receive."

Dream lofty dreams, and as you dream, so shall you become. Your Vision is the promise of what you shall one day be. Your ideal is the prophecy of what you shall at last unveil.

The greatest achievement was at first and for a time a dream. The oak sleeps in the acorn. The bird waits in the egg. In the highest vision of the soul a waking angel stirs. Dreams are the *seedlings* of realities.

Your circumstances may be uncongenial but they shall not long remain so if you but perceive an Ideal and strive to reach it. You cannot travel *within* and stand still *without*. Here is a youth hard pressed by poverty and labor, confined long hours in an unhealthy workshop, unschooled and lacking all the arts of refinement. But he dreams of better things, he thinks of intelligence, of refinement, of grace and beauty. He conceives of, mentally builds up, an ideal condition of life. The vision of a wider liberty and a larger scope takes possession of him. Unrest urges him to action and he utilizes all his spare time and means, small though they are, to the development of his latent powers and resources. Very soon so altered has his mind become that the workshop can no longer hold him. It has become so out of harmony with his mentality that it falls out of his life as a garment is cast aside. With the growth of opportunities which fit the scope of his expanding powers, he passes out of it forever. Years later we see this youth as a full-grown man. We find him a master of certain forces of the mind which he wields with world-wide influence and almost unequalled power.

In his hands he holds the cords of gigantic responsibilities. He speaks, and lo! lives are changed; men and women hang upon his words and remould their characters and, sunlike, he becomes the fixed and luminous center round which innumerable destinies revolve. He has realized the Vision of his youth. He has become one with his Ideal.

You, too, will realize the Vision (not the idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate toward that which you secretly most love. Into your hands will be placed the exact results of your own thoughts. You will receive that which you earn—no more, no less.

Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain or rise with your thoughts, your Vision, your Ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire—as great as your dominant aspiration: in the beautiful words of Stanton Kirkham Davis, "You may be keeping accounts and presently you shall walk out of the door that for so long has seemed to you the barrier of your ideals and shall find yourself before an audience—the pen still behind your ear, the inkstains on your fingers—and then and there shall pour out the torrent of your inspiration.

"You may be driving sheep and you shall wander to the city—bucolic and open-mouthed—shall wander under the intrepid guidance of the spirit into the studio of the master and after a time he shall say, 'I have nothing more to teach you.' And now you have become the master, who did so recently dream of great things while driving sheep. You shall lay down the saw and the plane to take upon yourself the regeneration of the world."

The thoughtless, the ignorant and the indolent, seeing only the apparent effects of things and not the things themselves, talk of luck, of fortune, and chance. Seeing a man grow rich, they say, "How lucky he is!" Observing another become intellectual, they exclaim, "How highly favored he is!" And noting the saintly character and wide influence of another, say, "Chance aids him at every turn!"

They do not see the trials and failures and struggles which these men have voluntarily encountered in order to gain their experience—have no knowledge of the sacrifices they have made, of the undaunted efforts they have put forth, of the faith they have exercised, that they might overcome the apparently insurmountable, and realize the Vision of their heart.

They do not know the darkness and the heartaches. They only see the light and joy and call it "luck"—do not see the long and arduous journey, but only behold the pleasant goal and call it "good fortune"—do not understand the process but only perceive the result and call it "chance."

In all human affairs there are *efforts* and there are *results*. The strength of the effort is the measure of the result. Chance is not. "Gifts"—powers, material, intellectual and spiritual possessions—are the fruits of effort. They are thoughts completed, objects accomplished, visions realized.

The Vision that you glorify in your mind, the Ideal that you enthrone in your heart—this you will build your life by. This you will become. ♦

HUMOR

the world's sixth sense

by Walt Disney

Laughter is a frown turned upside down. Any sharp and unexpected twist from the normal gives us a sense of relief, of superiority. It makes us glad we aren't on the spot some poor unfortunate has gotten himself into by his stupidity. I am presumed to know something about humor as an international sixth sense because I've been dealing it out in one form or another for over a quarter-century. But a lot of things about laughing matters still elude definition in words. Every writer, performer, and producer of comedy ruefully knows that the essence of fun cannot be bottled and then released like some genie at a magic word.

True, there are certain formulas for provoking hilarity. Gagsters and jokesmiths practice and sometimes belabor many of them. And the capacity of audiences to enjoy them seems boundless. But the humorous impulse and most of its finest works are emotional and intuitive, rather than rational—are truly based in a sixth sense.

What I've learned about the nature of fun has come largely from the adventures of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, Goofy and other members of our cartoon family, and how their antics have been received by audiences. They have been our test cases.

Similarly, our character creations and their behavior in feature length animations have been most informative. For these longer fables, generally the humor has been more gentle. It deals more with awkwardness, especially the kind which in the antics of young flounders animals becomes "cute." The compassionate laughter which such actions arouse is probably our most admirable human response to what is broadly ludicrous.

Fable animals, which are never quite animal nor yet quite human—aping people; young persons emulating their elders; clumsiness, forgetfulness, attempts at dignity; physical instability; pretentious immaturity, as compared to the viewer's own smug self-assurance—these things are invariably funny to all audiences, to all races.

More recently, the live animals in *True-Life Adventures* have added much to our lore of laughter. For the need to clown seems to pervade all nature. One such display of the comic spirit in the animal kingdom which comes to mind is the riotous dance of relief indulged in by the female elk and their calves when they reached the end of a hard and hazardous migratory trek in *The Olympic Elk*. Audiences have always chuckled at that mad gyration in the snow, and at the contrast with the lordly males who scorned such undignified behavior. I am convinced after seeing many such incidents that animals themselves, as well as human audiences, recognize such actions as primitive fun.

Antics of animals support the belief that comicality is a basic principle of universal life when it reaches the self-conscious level. Humor and its opposite are like the complementary elements of good and evil. Like the balance of hero and the villain in the dramatic arts. The expression "comedy relief" in theatrical entertainment has its roots deep in serious needs. Without the relish and the practice of humor in all its various shades and degrees, we would become woeful, spiritless creatures indeed. Fun and having fun is vital; it makes life with its inevitable burdens tolerable. Often I think it may provide the closest of all human bonds. But, efforts to pin down the exact nature of jibe and jest have challenged pundits, professional fools, antic clowns, studious gagmen, comedians of every kind and medium. Often the result is a big headache.

The man who could capture the sprite of laughter and win her lasting favor, would become one of the richest and certainly the most envied of human beings, so highly treasured are her gifts.

However, humor does have an operable technique. There are certain more or less reliable clues. And, if they all worked out every time, we would understand more about human nature than any wise man thus far has comprehended.

This we do know: drollery is a matter both of the spirit and of the flesh. It can make the soul soar with delight as well as roll the body "in the aisles," as the expression is. It can reveal the noblest and the basest levels of the one who laughs, and what he laughs at.

Laughter has lately assumed a new importance in human relations. With the growth and spread of mass entertainment, like the movies, and the increased facilities of communication, humor has become an article of international merchandise. It is one of America's most important exports. But when we assume that the making of fun in communicable ways has a common appeal to every race, we must qualify it rather sharply. Humor has many modes, many shades. It reflects racial and regional cultures. What may cause a Latin to howl with glee may leave a Nordic colder than his frigid zone.

There are latitudes and longitudes of laughter. Only basic comedy, expressible in simple terms, can meet the requirements of a common denominator. This has to be visual, generally, needing few if any words. Pantomime is its medium, action its mode. If it deals with human beings, it must draw on the common characteristics of humanity itself, well beyond any specialized traits of race, culture and habit.

In the animal kingdom, acts of comedy and of passion tell their own unmistakable meaning in aboriginal pantomime. The defiance of little Skinny, the ground squirrel who contemptuously pushes dirt into the face of the Gila monster in *The Living Desert* needs no words to be appreciated by any folk on the face of the earth. Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck and all their cronies of our cartoon world are creations out of that "sixth sense" through which so much humor is universally understood.

I cite Mickey because he has been for over 26 years my guinea pig—if he'll pardon the expression—in this serious business of amusing people on the screen. And Donald—well, I know him pretty well too, although he sometimes gets out of hand and turns on us in outraged dignity. Comedians are often very touchy that way.

One thing must be borne in mind when employing humor as an international language: it may be robust, candid, hectic, burlesque—even violent, if the subject permits—but never vulgar in taste or treatment. The nearest one can come to that is to apply slapstick to elemental human relationships of anger, greed, vanity, pompous arrogance and commonly experienced domestic incident.

The laughter of common appreciation has much compassion in it. If farce, slapstick and travesty jibe at our follies and seem sometimes rather heartless, there are other kinds of merriment less caustic, more gentle but equally potent.

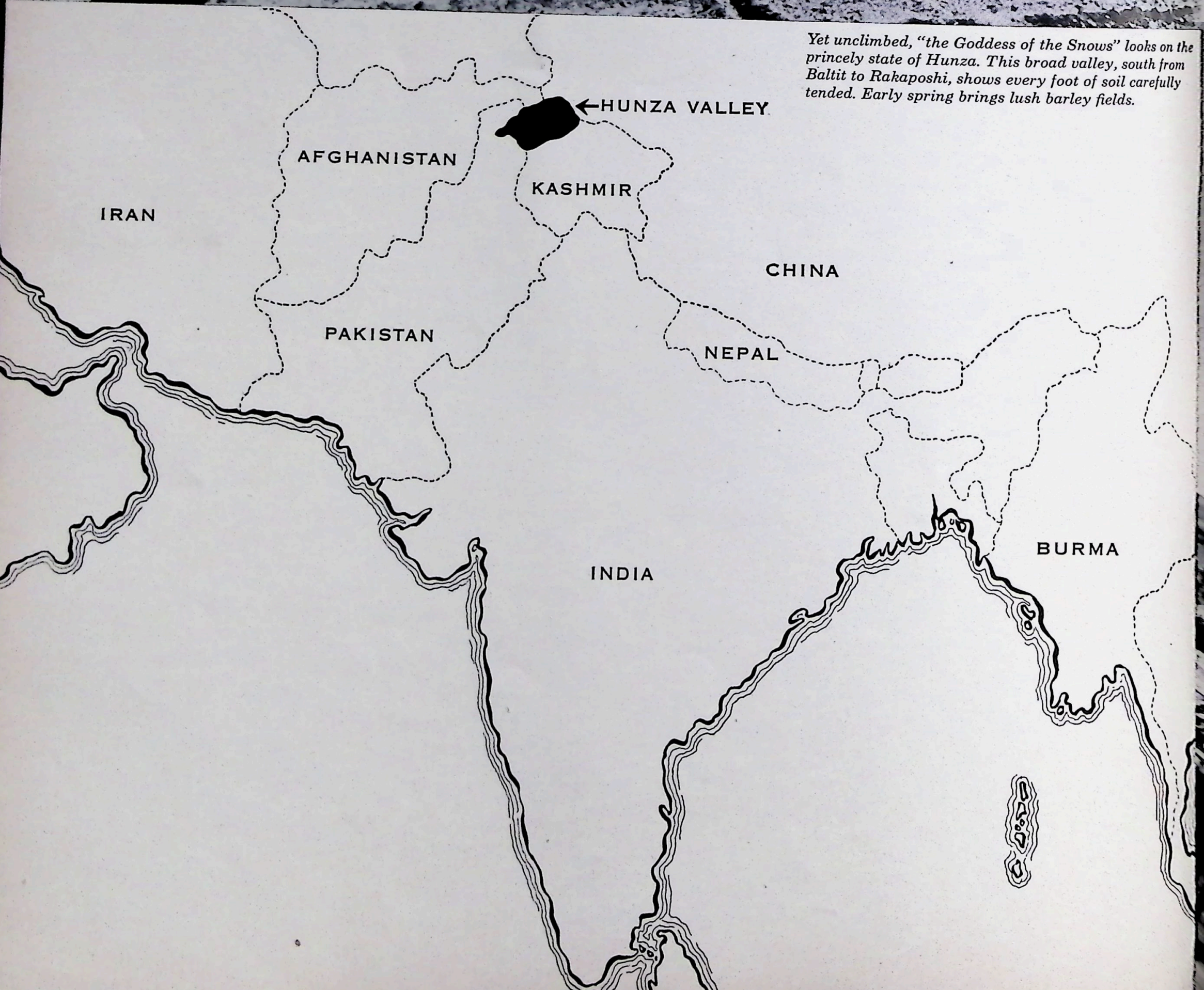
Human misfortune, no matter how ridiculous it may seem, cannot be shown in excessive degree in the name of amusement. For there cannot be laughter at genuine human misery, except by the most cruel of men—and the most savage of races.

The story of wildlife in our nature pictures has indicated a vital purpose in basic humor, especially the kind of fun which deals with the mockery of imperfection. The instinct for comedy, I have come to believe, operating in the animal kingdom as in human nature, is part of the mechanism for survival.

By its very nature, derision of faulty behavior sets up standards of approved conduct. Whoever obeys them lives longest and most comfortably. In politics, in public affairs, we long ago learned that the wrongdoer, the misfit, the malfeasant, can be curbed with the lash of laughter better than by any other weapon. Here it operates as potent means of social and democratic survival.

Lightly though we may regard it, laughter is a priceless coin in human traffic and international exchange. I think it is not extravagant to say, finally, that people, even nations, leave characteristic impressions; are judged by what they laugh *at* and *with*—and what they do not laugh *at*. ♦

Yet unclimbed, "the Goddess of the Snows" looks on the princely state of Hunza. This broad valley, south from Baltit to Rakaposhi, shows every foot of soil carefully tended. Early spring brings lush barley fields.



THE PARADISE MARCO POLO MISSED

by Jean Bowie Shor

I gasped in amazement. The fabulous Hunza Valley! In China and in England and in Afghanistan we had heard incredible stories of the principality of Hunza, said to be the true Shangri-La. In a single day, and by lucky accident, we had dropped from the lonely, barren, cruel land of rock and ice into an earthly paradise.

The principality of Hunza is a state of mind, induced by matchless scenery paired with proud and friendly people. It is more than 100 miles long and often less than half a mile wide. Its river is a twisting silver ribbon hung with gold-and-emerald fields and orchards of flecked jade, the whole encased against intruders between some of Asia's highest mountains.

When we slid into the western tip of this valley from Afghanistan, we knew little about Hunza except that it was ruled by a man bearing the improbable title of Mir, that Pakistan took care of its foreign affairs and defense, and that it was not only odd in shape but odd in character. Or it may be that the rest of the world is odd and the 25,000 happy Hunzukuts normal. The rest of the world has more than its share of troubles, the Hunzukuts almost none.

The land is incomparably beautiful. The arable soil of the valley slopes is terraced and watered, while all around rise the peaks of the Karakoram, twice as tall as the Alps. From the fort of Kalam Darchi to Misgar we rode for two hours through carefully tended fields of millet and orchards of apricots and apples. The riverbank was so lush with flowers that the air was heavy with scent. Everyone we met smiled a "salaam."

There is a legend all Hunzukuts are descended from three soldiers of Alexander the Great who found beautiful wives in Persia. The women accompanied them while Alexander campaigned along the Oxus. When the Greek conquerer turned south, the three couples went on through the Wakhan, discovered this wondrous valley and settled there. Scholars, while attempting to dismiss the tale as mere

The Mir of Hunza, H. H. Mohammed Jamal Khan, holds court every morning in his 600-year-old castle and resolves the complaints of his people.

folklore, admit the people of Hunza are different and can offer no better explanation for their presence in this mid-Asian paradise.

Once the Hunzukuts were mighty mountain warriors feared by the surrounding countries. But now they live in serene peace with each other and their nervous neighbors. There is no poverty in Hunza and yet money is not considered a necessity. Education is free to all. Longevity is a national characteristic.

Many of the diseases of civilization, including cancer, are unknown. It seemed as if hardly anyone dies in Hunza unless he falls off the incredibly narrow trail that links the villages down the valley and is dashed to death on the rocks below.

"Tell us about the Mir," Franc, my husband, asked Nabi Khan, chief of communications in Misgar. "How does he govern? Does he visit each village regularly? And by the way, where are the soldiers and police?"

Nabi Khan laughed. "There are no police," he said, "because there is no crime. Therefore there are no jails. Nor does Hunza have an army. The soldiers you saw in Kalam Darchi are all Pakistanis, and they are the only soldiers in Hunza, here only because Kalam Darchi is a strategic frontier stronghold. A few years ago the Mir had a small bodyguard but he disbanded it. Why should he have a bodyguard? He has no enemies."

Each village elects its own *arbab*, Nabi Khan explained, who governs with a council of elders. The *arbab* arbitrates all community disputes, mostly over water rights. But when a dispute arises that cannot be settled locally, the *arbab* telephones the Mir. In a matter of great moment, such as a dispute over an inheritance, the interested parties can petition the Mir in person. All they have to do is walk to Baltit.

Now we were to be privileged to see Hunza, which already fascinated us, and which Marco Polo had not seen.

The longer we stayed in Hunza the more we were impressed with the stamina of the people. It is not unheard of for a Hunzukut to hike 60 miles over the mountain trail in a single day. They climb mountains higher than any in the United States with greater nonchalance than I show walking up four flights of stairs in an apartment building. As mountain porters they are rivaled only by the Sherpa of Nepal who made the conquest of Everest possible.

Money in Hunza is the least important of commodities. Only the Mir has real need for money. He conducts all import and export on behalf of his subjects. Local trade is by barter and the Hunzukut who during a lifetime accumulates the equivalent of $50 is considered a hoarder, even a miser. Seldom does a man handle more than $5 a year in cash.

Of what use is money in Hunza? There are no taxes, no license fees, no duties. The Hunzukut cannot buy or sell land, for the land is very limited and by law must remain in the family. The only large landowner is the Mir, with 320 acres. On occasion he gives a parcel to a deserving subject who has failed to inherit any. Or the Mir may lease an acre or two to a promising young couple at a tiny annual rental which may be paid in apricots, apples, meat, ibex horns, or services. No Hunzukut covets a cash surplus, even for purposes of emergency.

We came to Hunza at a critical period. The day the border closed in our faces at Mintaka, all traffic to China ceased. Days later we strolled over to the palace for tea, and began to know a remarkable man, ruler of a remarkable state which by the accident of geography, and his wisdom had remained an island of peace in a maelstrom of hatred, suspicion and violence.

Playmates and Crown Prince (upper right) use stick horses to train for polo, the tribe's favorite sport. At right, a dapper Hunzukut in his late 80's, wearing a choga and Hunza hat, thinks nothing of walking eight miles to the Mir's conference of elders. Custom decrees older men to dye their beards red.

Hunza farmers ready soil for spring planting. Seed is cast on bare ground which is later harrowed with thorns lashed in heavy bundles and dragged by ox-teams.

Himalayan mountain peaks silhouetted with blossoming trees lend an ethereal setting for the Hunza women, who wear gay petit point hats and chiffon veils over their braided, long hair.

Technically a part of Pakistan, bordering an aggressive China and an uneasy Afghanistan, only a few miles from the frontiers of Russia, Hunza managed to remain aloof from the fears and troubles of all.

"We are the happiest people in the world," the Mir said with a quiet sureness which precluded any boastfulness, "and I will tell you why. We have just enough of everything, but not enough to make anyone else want to take it away. You might call this the Happy Land of Just Enough."

The Mir speaks fluent Persian, Urdu, Arabic, and the dialects of half a dozen neighboring princely states. He has a fine collection of Russian chinaware which belonged to his ancestors. He had a radio, stacks of good books, and maintained a communications system of runners to bring the news up from Gilgit. He divided his day, the mornings for leisure and sports. His Highness Mohammed Jamal Khan was a happy man.

His beautiful Rani had her own wing of the palace, as she lived in *purdah* (seclusion). But the Mir promised that before I left the Rani would receive me although Franc could not meet her, nor could she be photographed.

The Mir works hard at his job of ruling a happy land. Each morning he meets with his council of elders, none under 65, and his grand vizier, who is 98, to decide the problems of the day. The Mir fixes and collects the road tolls charged the caravans, using the money to buy basic medical supplies. There are no doctors in Hunza – except an occasional foreign medical man who visits to marvel at their phenomenal freedom from disease.

Each winter the Mir is called upon to perform a mass wedding ceremony. A Hunzukut is unlikely to forget his anniversary, for all weddings take place on the same day, a December Thursday chosen by the village diviners in consultation with the Mir. Hunza parents still select marriage partners for their children but the young people can refuse their parents' choice.

"We have one custom which Westerners find unusual," said the Mir. "The groom's mother spends the honeymoon with the newlyweds, acting as guide and teacher. Marriage, we believe, is too important to be left to chance."

It must be a successful system, because no one can remember a divorce in Hunza. While marriage is important, so is birth control. There are only a limited number of arable acres in Hunza, and if the Hunzukuts had as many children as other Asiatic or Oriental peoples, there would soon be serious overpopulation. Centuries ago they solved the problem. When a wife becomes pregnant she leaves her husband's bed, not to return again until the baby is weaned, two years for a girl, three for a boy.

In Hunza, Franc and I learned the true joy of leisure. But modern man's sojourn in paradise must be brief. One day the Mir brought us the Hunza guest book to sign. On its yellowing pages were the signatures of Sir Aurel Stein, Lord Curzon, C. P. Skrine, Sven Hedin, Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt. Proudly yet humbly we wrote our names beneath these.

The next day we joined the Mir on his balcony, where he made a touching and friendly farewell speech, asking us to return and live for a year in the peace of his valley. "And, Mrs. Shor, the Rani asked me to present you with these." He handed me two exquisite pearl bracelets. To Franc he gave a Hunza robe, a choga of ibex wool such as only the Mir himself is privileged to wear.

Franc threw the robe over his shoulders and I slipped the bracelets on my wrists, and we walked on reluctant feet to our horses. From the quarters of the shy Rani I could see a flutter of chiffon, and I waved. We rode off down the trail toward Gilgit. Were we returning to civilization – or had we left it? ♦

THE DIGNITY OF MAN

by Edward P. Cronan

The dignity of each human person is founded upon the fact that each one is an image of God. The aim of human life and the satisfaction of each person's deepest desires must be, inescapably, to grow into greater likeness of his God by active imitation of Him in intelligent living, according to *His* plan and His *manner*, and so according to the image-intelligence of each person's nature. For this, men need thought and love within them and peace around them. These are truisms.

The tragedy of our civilization is that they are true still in a time when no one seems to believe they have any practical significance. The very facts of human nature which constitute the unique superiority of a human person in creation, his intelligence and freedom and his permanence are the facts least considered by current cultures.

Today there is wide use of the phrase "the dignity of man." But there is less evidence than ever of any realization of the intelligent root of his dignity and the image quality of his nature. In such a situation, it is difficult to draw conclusions which are rational and philosophical and have practical application for social living and personal achievement. The modern person as a type has discarded the proper use of intelligence. The remedy he needs first is some shocking stimulation of will to make him *want* to use his brains above his passing emotional states, and want to *readjust* his values.

Men have apparently forgotten what most must constitute their own human satisfaction—the satisfaction of their own complete and true and unavoidable natures. When they fight for justice in economic fields, they fight only for material possessions. When they struggle for equality in geopolitical fields, they contend only for power. When they battle for individual freedom, they wage war only against any restraint upon their material comforts and their unrestrained physical desires.

None of these aims is the destiny of a human person nor feeds for long man's personal spirits. They are useless attempts to escape man's own nature. What is useless for creatures who are conscious and feeling and thinking creatures always becomes sad and painful to them. The created person's worth comes from his rational, spiritual nature. Only that humanness is the image of the creating spirit.

To remain *human* in the true sense, to attain the only happiness which can possibly satisfy a spirit for long, man must value the non-material *first* and aim his divinely imitative powers at the things his God aims at, *not first* possession of greater and greater quantities of matter or the quickly boring satisfactions of materials or of corporal comforts.

Our civilization today can *no longer afford* to forget that these things *are* true, permanently and unavoidably and painfully true.

It is an explosion of truth we need. Man's personal nature is like God's. In living his life, then, a man must imitate his God if he is to remain human and happy.

When men forget their derived and participative and image nature enough to forget God, they do not act human. As they quit praying, they quit laughing. When they quit being an imitating image, they cannot be human—they must become sad misfits in nature.

The indestructible thinking and loving nature of human persons must be lived up to. Not what a human person *has* but what he *is*, alone constitutes his dignity and his happiness. Men must again be considered for what they truly are.

That means that the present chaos can be ordered again only by considering men's God else no one can understand what men need nor wherein their worth lies, they whom alone in creation God made "into His own image and likeness." Men must look upon themselves and upon other persons as reflections of God upon earth and because of that, as wonderful creations. Men themselves, in themselves, are valuable and satisfying because men *contain the allure of God.* "Absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting . . . Beauty . . . which without diminution and without increase or any change is imparted to the ever-growing and ever-perishing beauties of all other things."

Because a human person is what he is, he is *the* prize of all creation. Because he is by image an intelligent creature, he can be appreciated only as such and can himself appreciate only the things related to such intelligent and wise living as imitates the living of God.

We must again see, if today we can still reach peace and happiness and any encouraging reason to look at any future, how little man is before his God, and how great he is in the face of land and oil and machines and arms, and even The Bomb. Human persons must again be seen as *human* in meanings they have forgotten "human" had. And the human must be seen in a certain measure and manner as *divine.*

Men must not be approached as animals. We face each other as intelligent images of God. Our native rational appreciation of the God-model whose image we are, our native love of what is like us and our natural recognition of the value and dignity of both our God and His divine images around us in men, must prompt us once more to approach our God, and almost also our fellow man—upon our knees. ♦

HOW TO SEE

MARS

by Robert S. Richardson

Since the close approach of Mars in the autumn of 1956 will be a celestial event of major importance, you will be wise to make your plans for observing it well in advance. At that time you will be able to see Mars describe the peculiar loops among the stars that gave the old astronomers such a headache.

We will suppose that you are the eager, enthusiastic type of astronomer who is quite willing to inflict any amount of physical hardship on himself and others if only he can get the observations he wants. You start your program for 1956 by looking for Mars a little after midnight on the morning of June 1.

If there is nothing in the way, you should see the planet rising a few degrees south of the east point on the horizon. Since there are no bright stars or planets in the vicinity at that time, you should have no difficulty in identifying your object. But the distance of the planet will be 76 million miles, so great as to show little detail even in a large telescope.

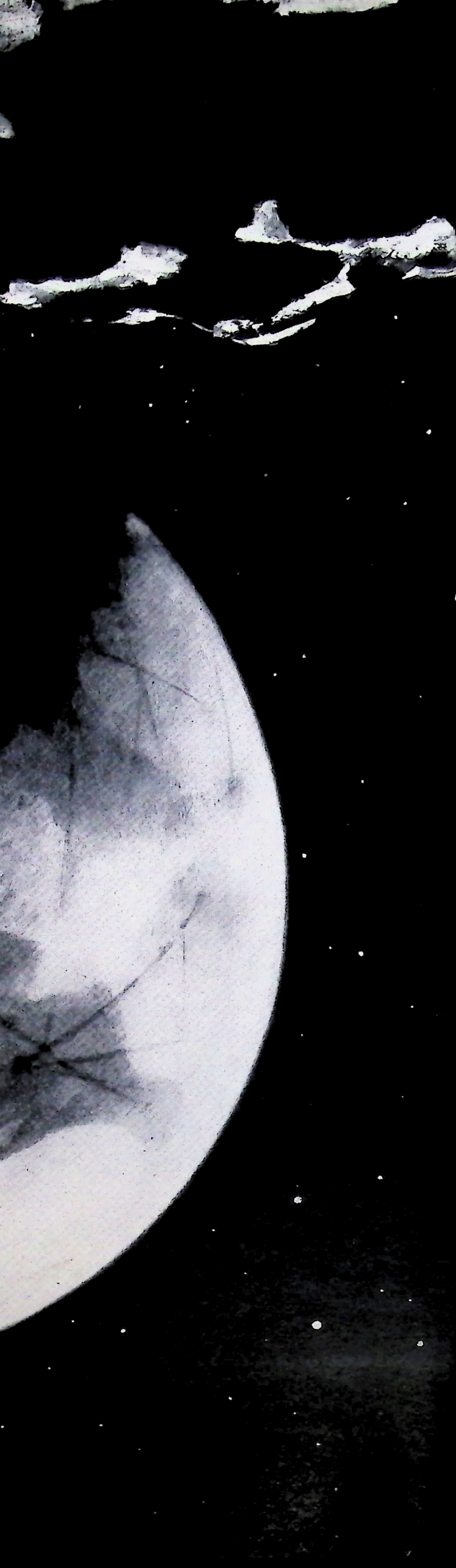
If you have been making observations fairly regularly, you will have noticed by this time that the stars rise earlier by about four minutes each night, an interval which in a month amounts to a couple of hours. Thus by July 1 the position of the stars at ten o'clock is about the same as that at midnight on June 1. Unfortunately, so far as your getting to bed is concerned, Mars is moving eastward at such a rate that by ten o'clock on July 1 its position will still be below your horizon, preventing your seeing it until an hour or so later. (These times will differ for different observers, depending upon the latitude; you should not be discouraged, therefore, if Mars fails to appear precisely on schedule.)

The eastward motion of Mars, however, is less than the apparent motion of the whole heavens westward, so that by ten o'clock on August 1 the planet should be several degrees above your horizon. By this time it should be much brighter than when you first sighted it in June, for its distance from the earth is now only 43 million miles. From now on, we will assume that your observations are always taken at nine o'clock standard time.

The motion of Mars has been generally eastward or in a direction opposite to that of the stars circling across the sky at night. At some time in July you may have a suspicion that Mars is slackening its eastward motion and by August 1 it will practically come to a standstill. Mars at that time will be near one of its so-called "stationary" points and for the next three weeks will move so sluggishly relative to the stars that you will have trouble detecting it at all unless you use telescopic aid.

About August 22 Mars will begin to show signs of activity but, instead of continuing eastward, will back up toward the west. When a planet reverses its field and starts going west, it is said to be "retrograding." Mars will retrograde until about October 5, when it will be near its other stationary point. In between, on September 7, it will have attained its closest distance to the earth, a distance of 35,160,000 miles. You will have to wait until August, 1971 before Mars will be so close again.

About October 21 Mars will describe a loop to the north and start moving east again with increasing speed, as if it had dallied long enough in that part of the sky and were determined to make up time. By November 1 at nine o'clock it will be almost directly south of you. And by January 1, 1957 you will find it in the southwest, fading into the twilight as it recedes behind the sun again.



LIFE ON MARS

Mars is easily identified from the stars and other planets by its flaming red color. When viewed through a telescope, more than half the globe is covered by the bright regions, variously described by different observers as pink, orange, ocher and dragon's blood —every color except red!

To me these regions always appeared to have about the same tint as dry brick dust. There are also dark blue-green or gray-green areas which stand out in strong contrast to the prevailing bright red regions. The red regions are believed to be bare desert soil. The green markings change tint with the seasons as if they were covered by vegetation. There are some markings that are almost black.

If there are astronomers on Mars, they probably regard the earth as a waterlogged world covered by oceans and drenched by rain clouds. We have some desert regions, but they are of minor importance. On Mars, however, the deserts are dominant. "Not only are the desert belts in existence," Lowell said, "but the whole surface, except for the sea bottoms, has gone the same way. Five-eighths of it all is now an arid waste, unrelieved from sterility by moisture surface or covering of cloud. Bare itself, it is pitilessly held up to a brazen sun, unprotected by any shade."

People often ask astronomers what it is like on Mars and whether they think there is life there. So far as the landscape is concerned, it must be deadly monotonous. Probably the region on earth that most closely resembles Mars is the plateau of Tibet.

Animal life there would be not merely a struggle for existence but rather a perpetual, grim war in which no quarter is given and none asked. Yet, despite the harsh conditions, fragile forms of life are found in Tibet in considerable numbers. The animals there cannot escape their natural enemies by diving into a lake, climbing a tree or finding concealment in high grass or dense foliage. Instead, they survive by making themselves as nearly invisible as possible. The common animals of Tibet have developed their protective coloration to a high degree. Not only the colors but the very shapes and outlines of the animals blend with the surface. There is a species of grasshopper, for example, finely mottled in gray and black, observed as high as 18,000 feet on decomposed granite and resembling the granite flakes so closely it is hard to discern at all.

But there is one formidable enemy against which the protective coloration is of no avail—the intense cold. Here the means to survival is found in hibernating, which is often prolonged for months. The animals exist by going underground—by burrowing into the plain or creeping under rocks. To the casual eye the plain seems destitute of life. Yet life is everywhere, but concealed and dormant beneath the surface.

In fancy we can picture the first man on Mars staring out over the barren landscape. He sees only what appears to be a low type of vegetation forming a thick, varicolored crust over the rocks. Nothing moves. There is no visible sign of life.

Many forms of life, he tells himself, must have passed that way ages before, but now they are gone. Only that lowly plant remains —sole survivor. Yet—who knows?—there may be life all around him, but concealed beneath the ground and rocks, or slumbering under his very feet, or perhaps even in plain view studying the visitor intently at close range, but blending so perfectly with the landscape as to be invisible to the eyes of an unknowing earthman.

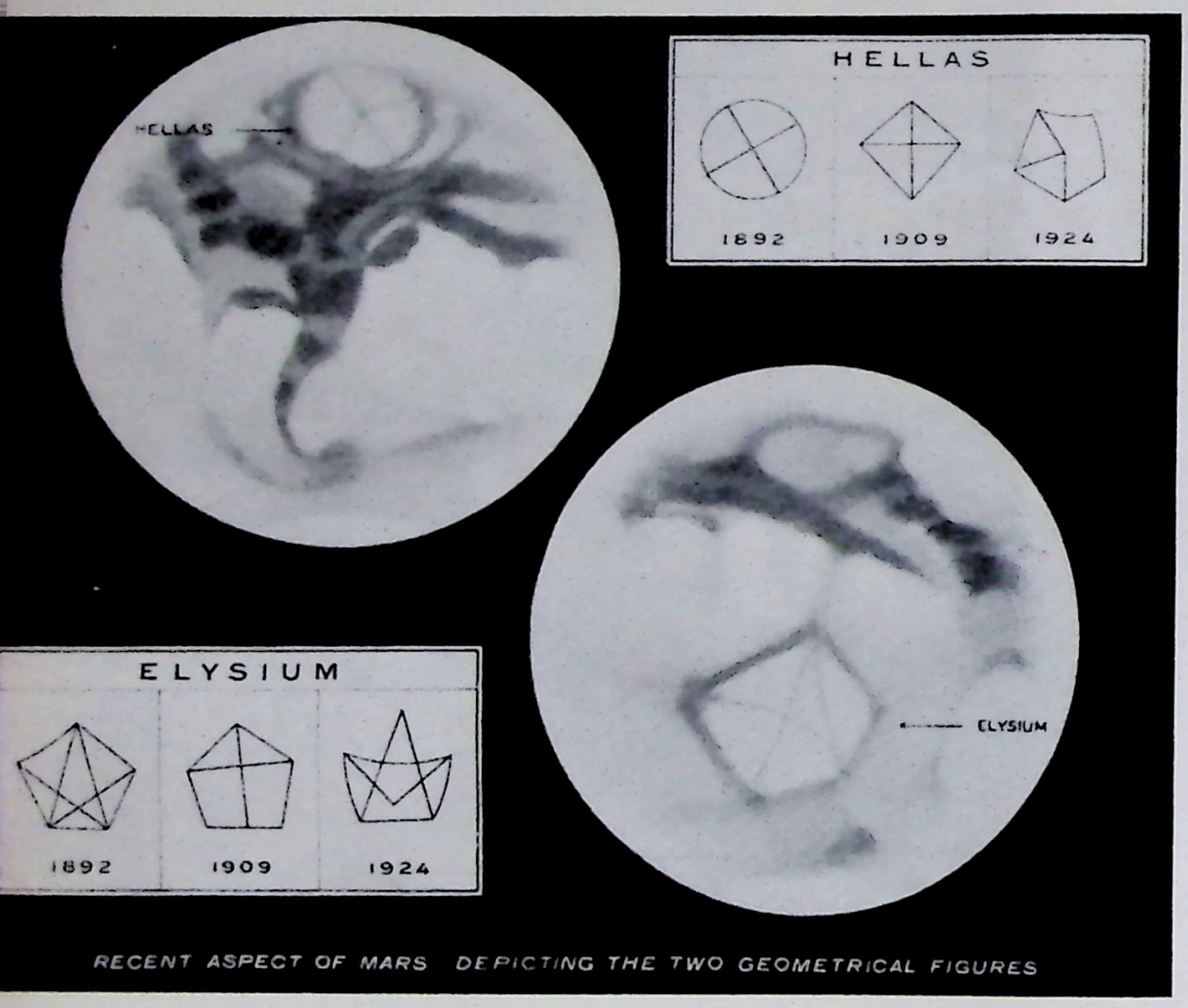
We must not assume from the foregoing description that, if there is animal life on Mars, it bears the remotest resemblance to the forms found on the Tibetan plateau. Conditions on Mars differ from those in Tibet in at least three important respects.

First, even at an elevation of more than 10,000 feet, there is an abundance of oxygen compared with the inert Martian atmosphere. Secondly, the pressure of the atmosphere of Mars is less than we

would experience on our highest mountain peaks. And thirdly, the force of gravity is 38 per cent of that on the earth. It is possible that at some time in the distant past there was free oxygen on Mars and that the atmospheric pressure was somewhat higher. But the force of gravity could hardly have changed appreciably.

Animal life has such seemingly limitless powers to adapt itself to all types of conditions that we would be foolish to declare flatly that there can be no animal life on Mars. But we would certainly not expect to find a high form of life there. We have said that conditions on Mars resemble those on a cold, high-altitude desert. Although animals survive in such a region, they can hardly be said to thrive.

In the winter one can drive across parts of Nevada, Arizona and even California for hours without seeing a single living thing except an occasional passing motorist. Now take away 99.9 per cent of the oxygen, impose a daily temperature range of 200 degrees and how much life would there be?



RECENT ASPECT OF MARS DEPICTING THE TWO GEOMETRICAL FIGURES

If there is animal life on Mars, then there must be plant life, too, for animals cannot live without plants. Although some animals live entirely upon others or in a region devoid of vegetation, yet persistent search will disclose a link with the vegetable world.

The dark green areas on Mars suggest the presence of vegetation. The color and shade of these markings change with the seasons in a way that indicates the growth and decay of vegetation. With the approach of spring the polar cap shrinks and the green areas in that hemisphere begin to exhibit a darker tone and become more conspicuous, first near the pole then gradually spreading toward the equator and even beyond it. When autumn comes, some of the green regions change to brown, brownish purple and carmine, while others are little affected.

According to E. M. Antoniadi, one of the most experienced of Martian observers, the colors correspond closely to those of falling leaves in summer and autumn in our latitude. There is no doubt that seasonal changes occur on Mars, but they are more complex than is generally believed.

It might seem that following the seasonal changes on Mars would be as easy as watching a passing parade. We can scrutinize the planet closely only during the few months that it is near opposition. Then it vanishes behind the sun and we have to wait nearly two years before it is in a position for observation again.

Also, since the Martian year is about twice as long as ours, the seasonal changes occur so slowly that they cannot be followed continuously through a complete cycle. Thus, our knowledge of conditions on Mars is built up piecemeal, like snatches of a motion picture seen at irregular intervals.

While the seasonal changes strongly indicate the presence of vegetation, the extreme range in temperature would be fatal to plants that contain much water for it is hard to see what would keep them from freezing solid during the night. This fact would rule out immediately the most important types of terrestrial vegetation such as the seed plants, grasses and ferns. The outlook for plant life on Mars is almost as hopeless as that for animal life. Actually, the situation is not so bad as it looks. It is even possible that certain terrestrial plants might survive if transported to Mars.

If the study of Mars has done nothing else, it has served to stir up interest in the lowly members of the plant kingdom called the lichens. A lichen has been called an impossible plant because it is not an organism or species in the same sense in which the word is used in referring to other plants and animals. A lichen is composed of two wholly unlike organisms belonging to two entirely distinct groups of plants: fungus and alga.

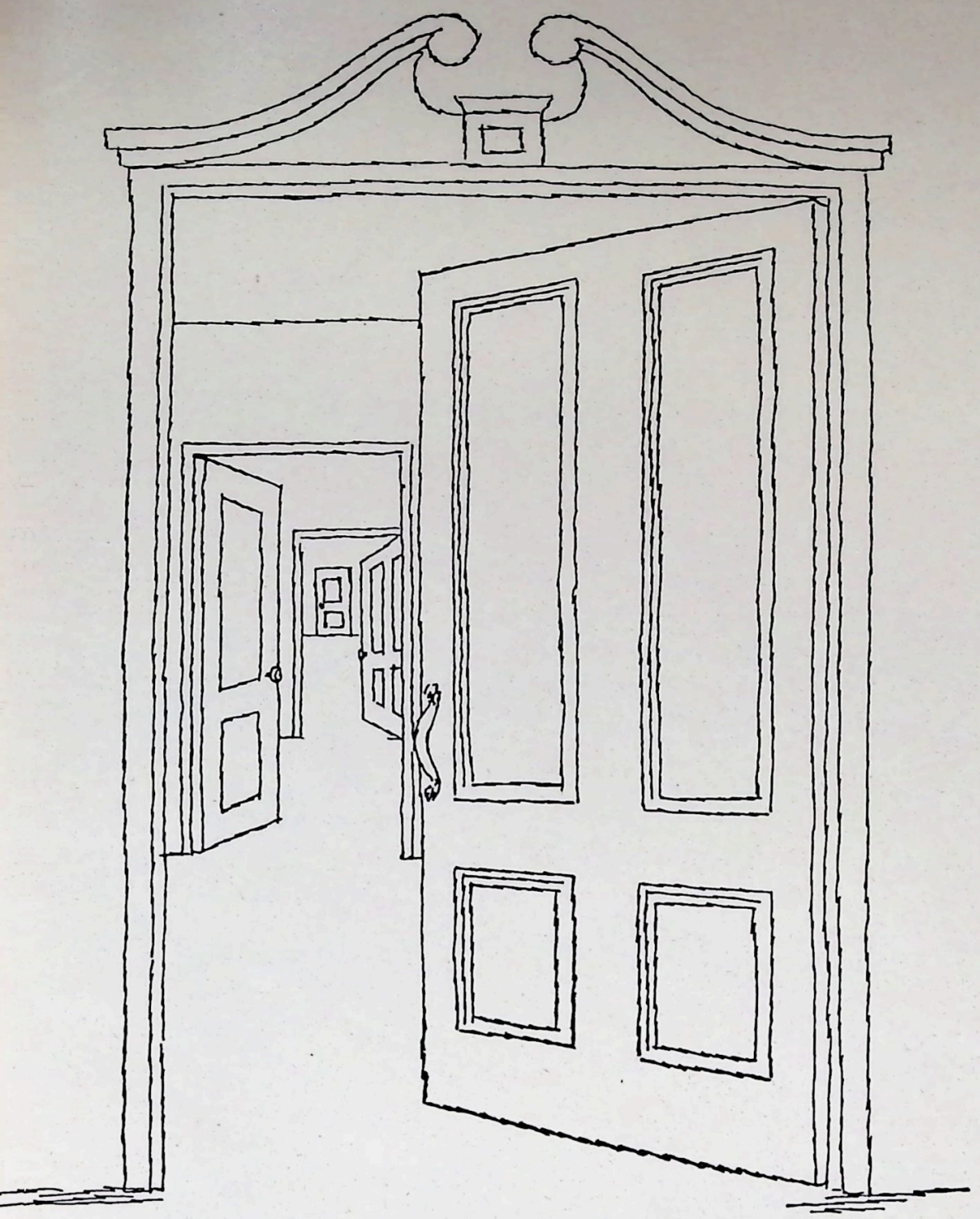
If there is any living thing on the earth that could survive on the open surface of Mars, it would seem to be the lichens. From this statement the reader must not assume that there are lichens growing on Mars! All we are suggesting is that, if such a hardy plant exists on the earth, it seems reasonable to assume that a type of vegetation has developed on Mars capable of withstanding the natural conditions there which seem so extreme to us.

If the Martian vegetation consists of lichens, something must *eat* the lichens. Either higher, less evident forms eat the lichens or lower, more elemental ones break them down. If higher forms exist, they too must be subject to the decay brought about by the lower forms. If no decay takes place, the water and carbon dioxide will soon be depleted and the corpses of Martian life will soon clutter the planet. It is tempting here to think of the higher forms as animal types, able to move about and feed upon the vegetation.

Certainly "plant succession" must take place. Some forms must be more nearly adept at surviving on the undisturbed red deserts than others (indeed, these deserts may be covered very sparsely with vegetation, as our own deserts are). As these increase in number, they modify the environment and other species are then able to move in, probably crowding out the pioneers as occurs on Earth.

Eventually a climax is reached, where no other Martian species is able to compete with the existing one and the environment is quite different from the original bare red desert. The color and insulating quality of the climax vegetation results in significantly higher temperatures. A sort of Martian climatic soil has been developed. When disasters such as volcanoes or the yellow dust storms wipe out a climax population a secondary succession must take place.

And what effect would intelligent beings have upon all this? It is intriguing to a biologist to think of life on Mars. Would the ecological and physiological principles worked out on Earth apply on Mars? It would be a most striking evidence of the fundamental nature of principles such as natural selection and plant succession if they were found to apply to Martian life. Astronomer, geologist, chemist and physicist would all like to test their theories on another world. But what could surpass the enthusiasm of the biologist if he were given a chance to visit the Red Planet? ♦



DOORS

by Christopher Morley

The opening and closing of doors are the most significant actions of man's life. What a mystery lies in doors!

No man knows what awaits him when he opens a door. Even the most familiar room, where the clock ticks and the hearth glows red at dusk, may harbor surprises. The plumber may actually have called (while you were out) and fixed that leaking faucet. The cook may have had a fit of the vapors and demanded her passports. The wise man opens his front door with humility and a spirit of acceptance.

Which one of us has sat in some anteroom and watched the inscrutable panels of a door that was full of meaning? Perhaps you were waiting to apply for a job; perhaps you had some "deal" you were ambitious to put over. You watched the confidential stenographer flit in and out, carelessly turning that mystic portal which, to you, revolved on hinges of fate. And then the young woman said, "Mr. Cranberry will see you now." As you grasped the knob the thought flashed, "When I open this door again, what will have happened?"

There are many kinds of doors. Revolving doors for hotels, shops and public buildings. These are typical of the brisk, bustling ways of modern life. Can you imagine John Milton or William Penn skipping through a revolving door? Then there are the curious little slatted doors that still swing outside denatured barrooms and extend only from shoulder to knee.

There are trapdoors, sliding doors, double doors, stage doors, prison doors, glass doors. But the symbol and mystery of a door resides in its quality of concealment. A glass door is not a door at all, but a window. The meaning of a door is to hide what lies inside—to keep the heart in suspense.

Also, there are many ways of opening doors. There is the cheery push of elbow with which the waiter shoves open the kitchen door when he bears in your tray of supper. There is the suspicious and tentative withdrawal of a door before the unhappy book agent or peddler. There is the genteel and carefully modulated recession with which footmen swing wide the oaken barriers of the great.

There is the sympathetic and awful silence of the dentist's maid who opens the door into the operating room and, without speaking, implies that the doctor is ready for you. There is the brisk cataclysmic opening of a door when the nurse comes in very early in the morning—"It's a boy!"

Doors are the symbol of privacy, of retreat, of the mind's escape into blissful quietude or sad secret struggle. A room without doors is not a room, but a hallway. No matter where he is, a man can make himself at home behind a closed door. The mind works best behind closed doors. Men are not horses to be herded together. Dogs know the meaning and anguish of doors. Have you ever noticed a puppy yearning at a shut portal? It is a symbol of human life.

The opening of doors is a mystic act. It has in it some flavor of the unknown, some sense of moving into a new moment, a new pattern of the human rigmarole. It includes the highest glimpses of mortal gladness—reunions, reconciliations, the bliss of lovers long parted. Even in sadness, the opening of a door may bring relief. It changes and redistributes human forces.

But the closing of doors is far more terrible. It is a confession of finality. Every door closed brings something to an end. And there are degrees of sadness in the closing of doors. A door slammed is a confession of weakness. A door gently shut is often the most tragic gesture in life. Everyone knows the seizure of anguish that comes just after the closing of a door, when the loved one is still near, within sound of voice, and yet already far away.

The opening and closing of doors is a part of the stern fluency of life. Life will not stay still and let us alone. We are continually opening doors with hope, closing them with despair. Life lasts not much longer than a pipe of tobacco, and destiny knocks us out like the ashes.

The closing of a door is irrevocable. It snaps the packthread of the heart. It is no avail to reopen, to go back. Pinero spoke nonsense when he made Paula Tanqueray say, "The future is only the past entered through another gate." Alas, there is no other gate. When the door is shut, it is shut forever. There is no other entrance to that vanished pulse of time. "The moving finger writes and having writ—"

There is a certain kind of door-shutting that will come to us all. The kind of door-shutting that is done very quietly, with the sharp click of the latch to break the stillness. They will think then, one hopes, of our unfulfilled decencies rather than of our pluperfected misdemeanors. Then they will go out and close the door. ♦

IN SEARCH OF

Serenity

by R. V. C. Bodley

When some years ago I disappeared into the Sahara Desert no one gave it much thought. Many believed I had gone on a trip from which I would soon return. When I did not, a few were moderately concerned that one of *them* should vanish in this unconventional way.

The majority merely crossed my name out of their address books and forgot about me. None of them tried to guess why I should discard my heritage and cut myself adrift from my traditions. No one would have understood, if I had explained, that I was tired of people and purposeless pastimes and wanted a place where I could cleanse my brain and set my thoughts in order. No one would have had an inkling of what I meant by a need for an existence which was not governed by codes based on false values. That would have sounded fantastic and out of tune with the ways of thinking of those who had been my companions in war and peace, at school and at home. It would have seemed even more fantastic to them that I was to find the beginnings of what I sought among nomad tribesmen of North Africa.

These nomads were true Arabs. They had nothing in common with the hybrids who live in the Mediterranean Coast towns of Algeria. They were purebred, perhaps more so than most of the Arab races, which was the result of their isolation in this part of the world since the great Moslem expansions of the seventh and twelfth centuries. Their customs, their philosophies, their pastoral customs belonged to those eras when Islam's empire was flourishing. It seems incredible that in these days any race could remain so completely detached. Yet, so it was in the Sahara.

These nomads looked and thought as did their ancestors who built the Alcazar and the Alhambra and ruled Spain and Portugal for 700 years. Their tents and means of transportation had not changed since Richard I led his Crusaders into the Holy Land centuries ago. Long before Columbus discovered America, these turbaned knights roamed the Sahara without considering the outer world. They were still doing so when I joined them in the twentieth century.

It is chiefly the search for material wealth which leads men to uproot ancient customs and, in the name of progress, substitute their frenzied conception of living. More than anything, it was the Arab detachment from what went on in England and America which made me believe that I might find Serenity among these wandering tribes of the great Sahara Desert.

These men could see little good in our ways. They felt sorry for our confusion and anxiety. They wished we could set our minds at rest. Sitting beside the camp fire we would sometimes discuss the Occidental and his peculiarities and, while the argument followed

(continued on page 79)

Charles Dickens

the actor

by Hesketh Pearson

Shakespeare started life as an actor and developed into a writer. Dickens started life as a writer and developed into an actor. From this we can see why Shakespeare's characters are the deeper, Dickens' the more sparkling, of the two. We feel that Shakespeare's creations have lives of their own apart from their surroundings and the external circumstances of the dramas in which they appear, while Dickens' are only alive while exhibiting themselves in the settings he gives them.

No writer in English is so brilliant as Dickens, who resembles a catherine-wheel, sometimes sticking and spluttering, but mostly blazing away and throwing off showers of sparks which vanish in isolation. He must have felt this dimly when he came to read his works in public because he cut out the descriptions of his characters and differentiated them by his histrionic skill.

There never was and there never will be again such an amazing series of public exhibitions as these readings by Dickens. It would no doubt have been more thrilling to see Shakespeare act a leading part in one of his own dramas or to watch Beethoven conducting one of his own symphonies. Dickens' achievement was unique and Shakespeare would have had to act every part in his drama, Beethoven to play every instrument in his orchestra, to make a comparison possible.

"I had no conception, before hearing Dickens read, of what capacities lie in the human face and voice," said Carlyle. "No theatre-stage could have had more players than seemed to flit about his face, and all tones were present. There was no need of any orchestra."

The fact that Dickens' first choice after making a success was to write for the stage reveals the most important feature of his character: he was a born actor. As on the stage, so in real life, there are two main types of actor. There is the *straight* actor who is only happy when appearing as himself, and there is the *character* actor who is only at ease when disguised as someone else. Of performers in real life who concentrated on themselves, building up their own personalities until everything they said or did seemed to be characteristic of them, there were two excellent specimens in the nineteenth century: Benjamin Disraeli and Oscar Wilde.

The most perfect example of the other kind, always imagining himself as someone else and constantly projecting his personality into any quantity of seemingly different parts, was Charles Dickens, a David Garrick in real life who might have been another Garrick on the stage and did become a super-Garrick on the platform.

It was the great ambition of his early life to be a professional actor, and the great regret of his later life that he had not been one. Fortunately for us his histrionic genius went into the creation of fictional figures, most of which have a curiously theatrical flavor and are so vividly conceived that if their creator had impersonated half-a-dozen of them on the stage he would have been the greatest actor of his time.

So entirely did he live the characters of his imagination that he never knew how much of his essential self he put into them. We find bits of him in widely dissimilar parts which he went out of his way to make comically repulsive, not perceiving that their vitality was his, the source of his histrionic nature.

He had the quick eye for human oddity, the photographic power of reproducing it and the love of repeating it. He pours out his emotions as only an actor can. He describes a storm as a stage manager would like to produce it. His villains are melodramatic, his heroes and heroines are stagey, his scenes are of the theater, and far more than any other novels, his have attracted both actors and dramatists. If he were alive today he would be the king of film writers, with Hollywood at his feet.

The man was like his work. He was restless, vivacious, excitable, full of energy and enthusiasm, intensely aware of everything about him, highly emotional, hilarious, constantly changing in mood, now gregarious, now disposed to solitude. He laughed with those who laughed and wept with those who wept, outdoing both. He flung himself wholeheatedly into whatever he did, lost himself utterly in the thrill of performance, abandoned himself to whatever role he was called upon to play or for which he had cast himself. "What a face is his to meet in a drawing room!" was Leigh Hunt's first impression. "It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings."

Dickens read his works throughout England, Scotland and Ireland, in 1858-59, from 1861 to 1863, in 1866-67 and from 1868 to 1870. Dickens aroused as much enthusiasm by these performances as a popular politician could evoke by oratory in the days when politicians and oratory were popular. He made as much money as a *star* actor in the days when the theatrical firmament was not a Milky Way.

In the larger towns many thousands who came to hear him were turned away for lack of room. His appearance on the platform was greeted with thunderous applause which he ignored. At the end of a reading the audience often rose to its feet and went on cheering until he had changed his clothes and left the building. Crowds waited for him on the chance of touching his hand or coat, and women scrambled for any petals from the geraniums in his buttonhole which a dramatic gesture might have dislodged.

Sometimes, but not often, he acknowledged the tumultuous acclamations by returning to the platform and making a short speech. To say that he enjoyed the reading as much as his hearers is an understatement. He revelled in it. He was transported into a world of his own; he was in his true element. "It is a great sensation to have an audience in one's hand," he declared, and it was a sensation that never palled. It grew by what it fed on.

Dickens had in fact achieved the ambition of all born actors for he was playing every part in a series of dramas devised entirely by himself, cutting what he did not want, adding what he did, producing himself, watching the effect of new methods on the audience, changing his readings of the various characters, protracting the pathos, strengthening the note of heroism, 'gagging' to his

heart's content, and magnetizing his hearers into any state of mind or mood that happened to suit his own.

As time went on he increased his repertoire and learned all the scenes by heart so that he was independent of the book. He strove for perfection – corrected his utterance of certain words by repeating them constantly to himself, went through each scene in his study again and again with as much pains as he gave to the public rendering and was not satisfied until he had made himself master of every episode and had exhausted every means of reproducing the humor and pathos and oddity of his characters.

"I have never read to an audience but I have watched for an opportunity of striking out something better somewhere," he said in 1868, after he had been at it professionally for ten years.

He was the exception to the general rule that when an actor is not nervous he cannot rise to the heights of his art. Dickens was unusually self-possessed as an executant, whatever he may have been as a creator, and had complete control of his nervous organism as actor, speaker and reader.

The moment he stepped on to the platform, walking rather stiffly, right shoulder well forward as his habit was, bud in buttonhole, gloves in hand, there was such a roar of cheering that people wondered how he could remain unmoved by it.

Sometimes the outburst was so wholehearted and emotional that he was affected but he never showed it and always appeared to treat these demonstrations as if they were no concern of his. Then the extraordinary performance began.

With the opening words a hush fell upon the audience which, except for the interjectional laughter and applause, remained throughout in a condition of rapt suspense. "Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that." The words had the effect of a trumpet blast. Whatever the story, the reader held his hearers with a power that can only be called hypnotic.

Occasionally the effect he produced was too considerable to leave him untouched and he had great difficulty in keeping a straight face during the laughter or a steady voice during the sobs. Usually he had as strict a command over himself as over his audience.

Even from the beginning, before he had learned all his scenes by heart, his performance could never properly be described as a reading, or himself as a reader. It was a highly theatrical representation by an actor who could impersonate any number of totally different characters and sink his own personality in each.

He seemed to undergo physical transformation as he passed from one character to another. His voice, features, expressions and mannerisms changed completely in a flash. He had a score of voices, male, female, old, young, middle-aged, cockney, yokel, military, naval, medical, clerical, forensic, aristocratic. He had a score of faces, from the jolly cherubic countenance of a schoolboy to the wizened avaricious features of a Scrooge. His voice was naturally rich and deep, capable of every tone and half-tone, of quiet pathos, boisterous humor, martial ardor. In addition to his vocal variety and his mimetic genius, there was in him a magnetic or mesmeric quality which enabled him to hold an audience, to play on its emotions, to make it laugh, cry, cheer, applaud, at his behest. ♦

Sydney Carton

Mr. Pickwick

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES

CHARACTER SKETCHES from DICKENS

by FREDERICK BARNARD

Little Nell and her Grandfather

Mr. Micawber

Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim

Sydney Carton

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe — a woman — had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these: —

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time, of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself, and wearing out....

"I see that child, who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know, and golden hair, to this place — then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement — and I hear him tell the child my story with a tender and faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done! it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

— A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Mr. Pickwick

An old oak afforded a pleasant shelter to the group, and a rich prospect of arable and meadow land, intersected with luxuriant hedges, and richly ornamented with wood, lay spread out below them.

"This is delightful – thoroughly delightful!" said Mr. Pickwick, the skin of whose expressive countenance was rapidly peeling off, with exposure to the sun.

"So it is: so it is, old fellow," replied Wardle. "Come; a glass of punch!"

"With great pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick, the satisfaction of whose countenance, after drinking it, bore testimony to the sincerity of the reply.

* * * * * *

"Well, that certainly is most capital cold punch," said Mr. Pickwick, looking earnestly at the stone bottle; "and the day is extremely warm, and – Tupman, my dear friend, a glass of punch?"

"With the greatest delight," replied Mr. Tupman; and having drank that glass, Mr. Pickwick took another, just to see whether there was any orange peel in the punch, because orange peel always disagreed with him; and finding that there was not, Mr. Pickwick took another glass to the health of their absent friend, and then felt himself imperatively called upon to propose another in honour of the punch-compounder, unknown.

This constant succession of glasses produced considerable effect upon Mr. Pickwick; his countenance beamed with the most sunny smiles, laughter played around his lips, and good-humoured merriment twinkled in his eye.

– THE PICKWICK PAPERS

Little Nell and her Grandfather

A hill; and on the top of that, the traveller might stop, and – looking back at old St. Paul's looming through the smoke, its cross peeping above the cloud (if the day were clear), and glittering in the sun; and casting his eyes upon the Babel out of which it grew until he traced it down to the furthest outposts of the invading army of bricks and mortar whose station lay for the present nearly at his feet – might feel at last that he was clear of London.

Near such a spot as this, and in a pleasant field, the old man and his little guide (if guide she were who knew not whither they were bound) sat down to rest.... The freshness of the day, the singing of the birds, the beauty of the waving grass, the deep-green leaves, the wild flowers, and the thousand exquisite scents and sounds that floated in the air – deep joys to most of us, but most of all to those whose life is in a crowd, or who live solitarily in great cities as in the bucket of a human well – sunk into their breasts and made them very glad. The child had repeated her artless prayers once that morning, more earnestly perhaps than she had ever done in all her life, but as she felt all this they rose to her lips again. The old man took off his hat – he had no memory for the words – but he said Amen.

– THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

C. Bernardi

Mr. Micawber

Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim

"Mr. Dick fulfills my aunt's prediction"—DAVID COPPERFIELD

Humorist artist Frederick Barnard did the cuts of characters for the 21 volume Chapman and Hall household edition of Dickens' work from 1873 to 1879. A popular artist, his work appeared in the *Illustrated London News, Punch, Harper's* and on exhibition at the Royal Academy. He also did the sketches of Paul Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Dickens' first artist was Robert Seymour, who originally had the idea for *Pickwick Papers.* When Dickens told him he regarded characters of his design as unsympathetic, Seymour in his grievance, humiliation and frustration rushed out into the garden and shot himself. Several artists tried for the assignment, among them John Leech and William Makepiece Thackery, who 11 years later was to illustrate his own *Vanity Fair.*

Of all, Dickens selected Hablot K. Browne, known as Phiz, who remained with him for 23 years, until *The Tale of Two Cities.* At that time he suffered a stroke and had to finish the sketches by tying a pencil to his fingers.

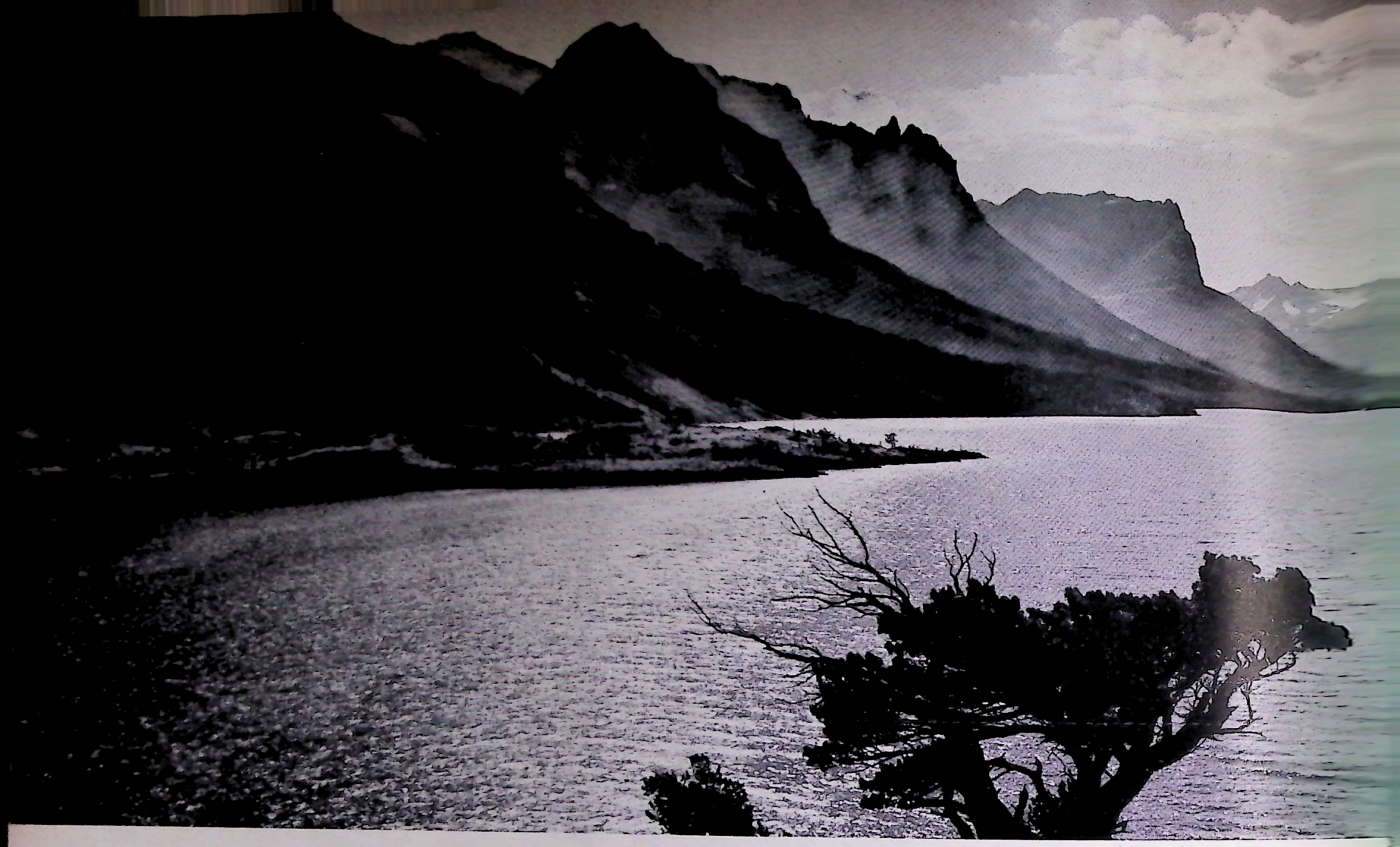
In ending his association with Browne, his ideal illustrator—whose sketches appear on these pages—it was said Dickens had lost part of himself, the man he had been.

"The friendly waiter and I"—DAVID COPPERFIELD

"The Shadow in the little parlor"—DOMBEY AND SON

"Our Housekeeping"—DAVID COPPERFIELD

"The Dombey family"—DOMBEY AND SON



GIVE THE GIFT OF

WISDOM

No other gift will give greater pleasure

ART • BIOGRAPHY • BOOKS • BUSINESS
EDUCATION • GOVERNMENT • HISTORY
HOMES • HUMANITIES • HUMOR
INDUSTRY • LAW • LITERATURE • MEDICINE
MOVIES • MUSIC • NATION • NATURE
PHILOSOPHY • PRESS • PSYCHOLOGY
RADIO • RELIGION • SCIENCE • TELEVISION
THEATRE • TRAVEL • WORLD AFFAIRS

WISDOM MAGAZINE 8800 Wilshire Boulevard / Beverly Hills, California

WISDOM is truly a magnificent gift of good taste to help make people wiser and happier—a present that's sure to please everyone!

Introduce your family and friends to the pictorial splendor and magnificent writing of the most widely praised, most talked-about new magazine in America today! WISDOM has enormous appeal to readers of all ages. It's an inspiring magazine of such beauty and distinction that it will complement the finest home.

No other gift will express the sincerity of your thoughtfulness so well. And a measure of your character and intelligence will be reflected in the prestige of WISDOM. For, unlike the usual gift that is soon forgotten, your gift of WISDOM will be a constant reminder, month after month, of your thoughtfulness.

Give a full year of WISDOM (12 monthly issues) to your relatives, friends and business associates. See how much joy you can give for as little as $6. (Regular single copy price is $12 per year.)

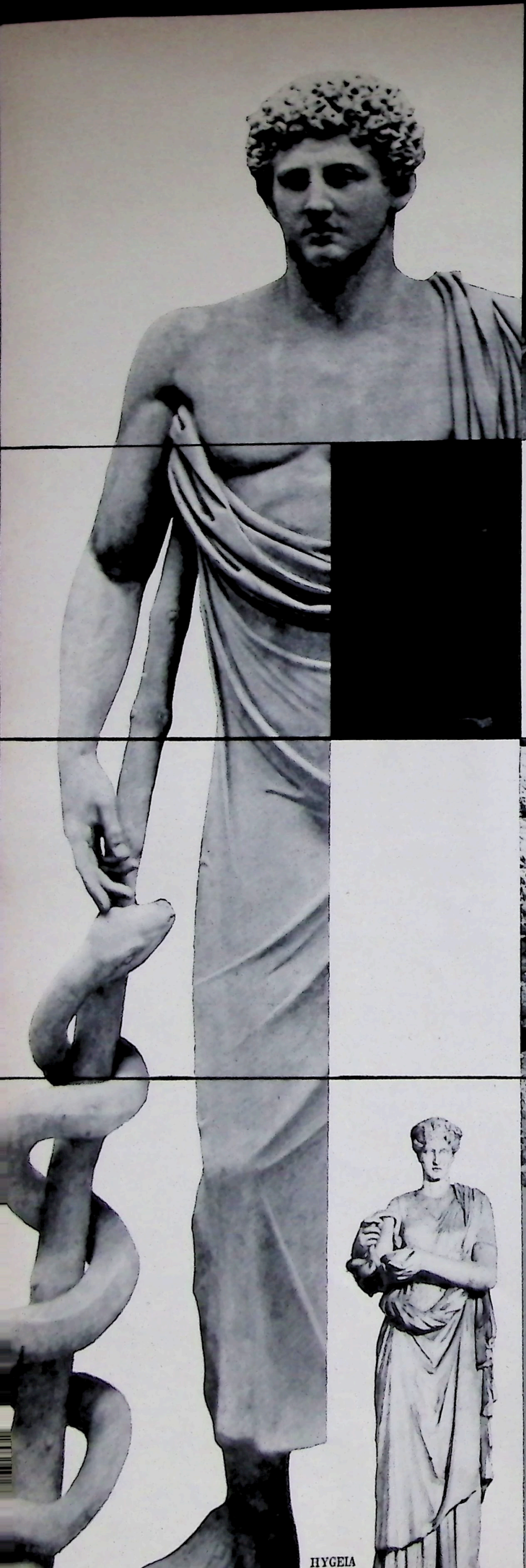
You can place your gift subscriptions to this fine new magazine right now! All you need do is send us the names and addresses of your friends. Enclose your check, or we'll bill you later . . . whichever you prefer. Each person on your list will receive a beautiful gift card inscribed with your name, announcing your gift.

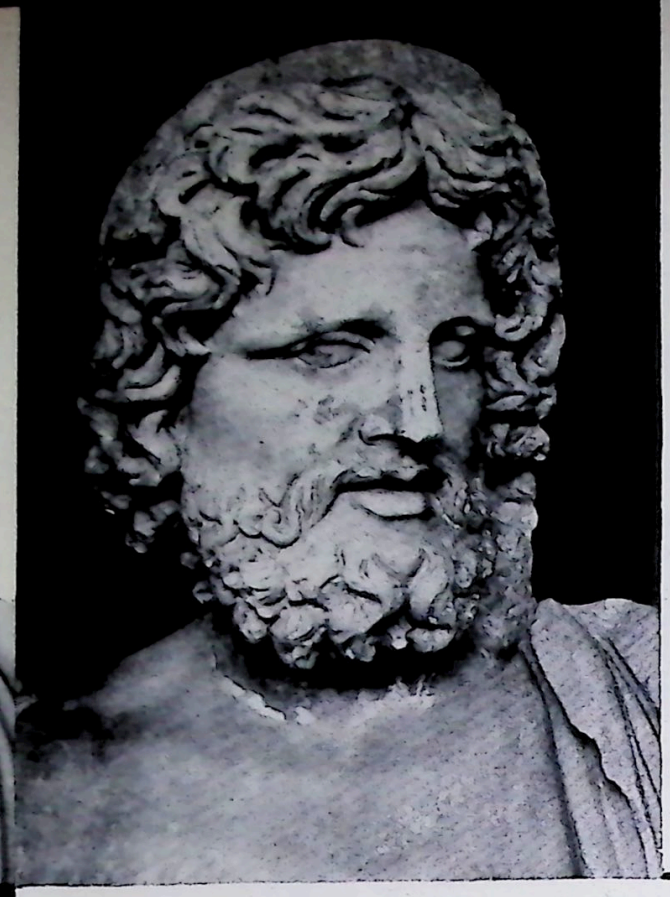
WISDOM is the gift you'll be proudest to give—and the gift your friends will be happiest to receive throughout the year!

OF STUDIES . . .

Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring. Ornament is in discourse. Ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. To spend too much time in studies is sloth. To use them too much for ornament is affectation. To make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience. Natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study. And studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies. Simple men admire them. Wise men use them, for they teach not their own use. That is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested. That is, some books are to be read only in parts, others are to be read, but not curiously. Some few are to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy and extracts made of them by others. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man. Therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory. If he confer little, he had need have a present wit. If he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtile, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend.

—*Sir Francis Bacon*

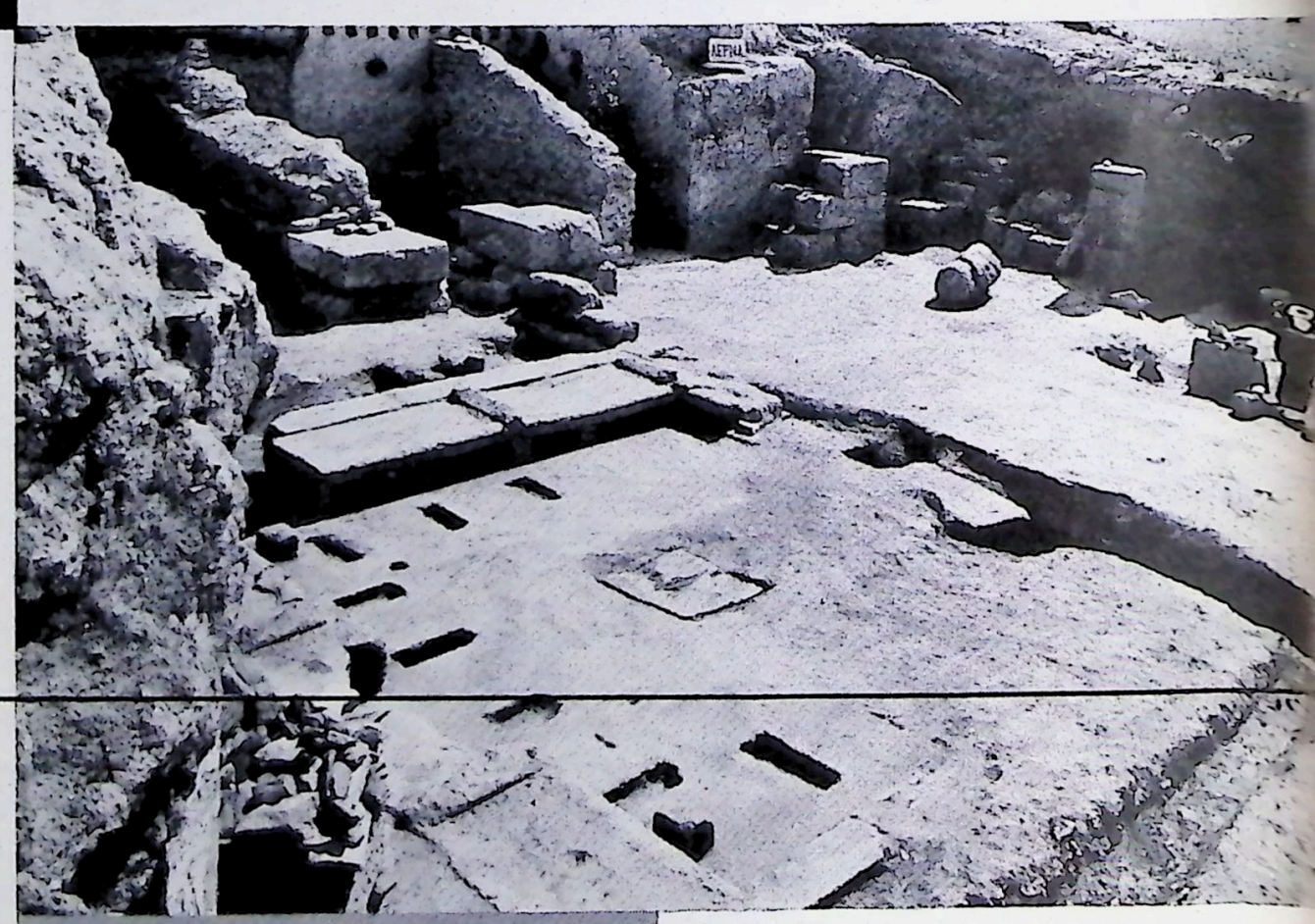




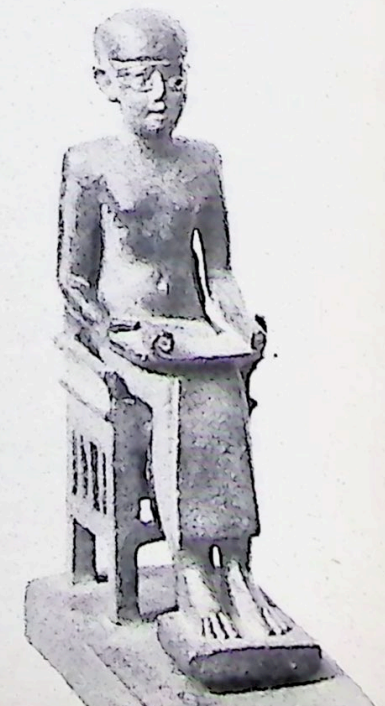
Asklepios (statue and head at left), Greek physician who became deified, was slain by the jealous Zeus, fearing he would make men immortal. Ruins of a typical sanctuary erected to effect his cures are shown below. Those cured sacrificed a cock in his name. It was to him that Socrates, with his last breath, asked Crito to pay the cock he owed.

SEARCH FOR HEALING

by Leslie D. Weatherhead



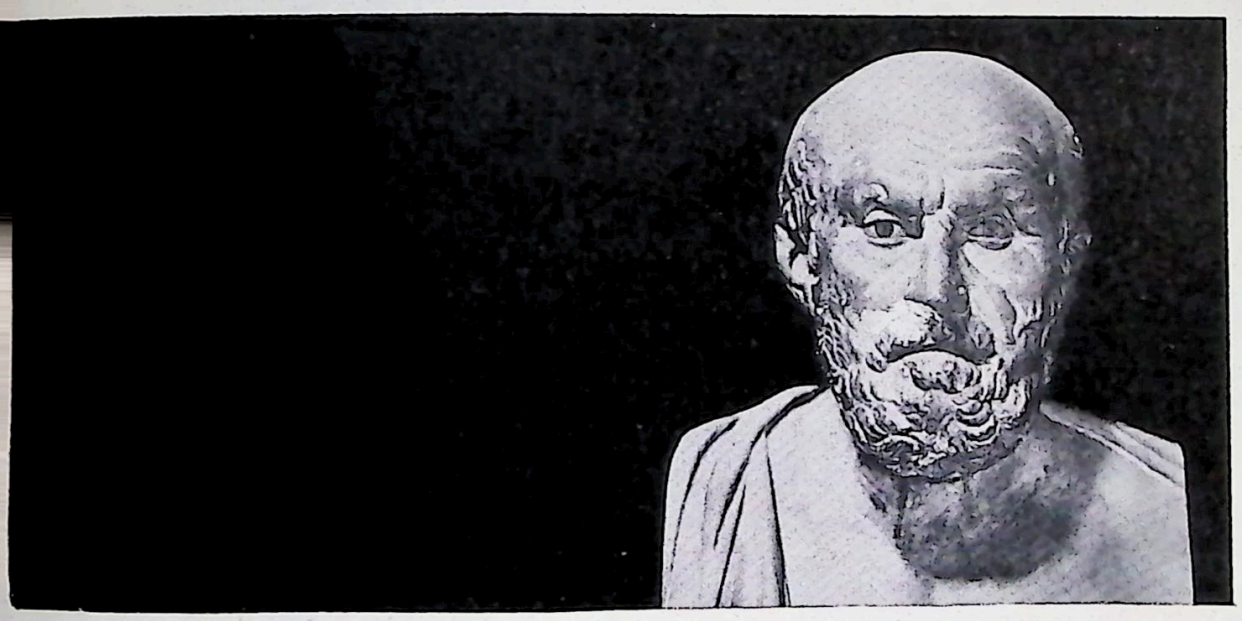
HYGEIA



IMHOTEP

Disease was rife on this planet before man came into existence and it has continued ever since. Students of the remains of prehistoric animals tell us quite definitely that those remains bear indubitable evidence of the early existence of painful disease. It is quite false to suppose that disease only appeared with man and is wholly attributable, as some suppose, to man's sin.

As soon as man appeared he began to deal with pain and illness, and it is important for our study to realize that from the earliest times, long before the Christian Era and long before anything that could be called medical science was born, men were healed of their diseases by non-physical methods directed towards their minds rather than their bodies. They sought integration or wholeness of



Hippocrates, Father of Medicine

personality and found it through processes of the mind and spirit. It was religion which first attacked the misery of disease and tackled the problem of suffering.

Humble origins do not vitiate the value of the thought and practice which grow from them. The science of medicine has some of its roots in magic and superstition. Religion has some of its roots in instinctive emotions and tendencies.

Modern man is turning again to the condition of his mind and spirit in order to account for many of the illnesses of the flesh. He suspects that the latter may have their origin in states of mind and may find their most useful therapy in the creation of healthy mental attitudes.

The *British Medical Journal*, August 24, 1946, points to worry as the suspected cause of such apparently physical illnesses as the gastric and duodenal ulcer. Since 5000 years ago health and disease were believed to depend on the states of mind—though men then believed a mental state of reverence for and fear of a god brought health, while indifference or hostility to the deity brought disease.

We should go back to Aesculapius to trace in the rudiments of a scientific curiosity the origin of anything worthy to be called *scientific psychotherapy* (not scientific at all in our sense). His is the familiar name as the originator of the art of healing and both scientific and religious methods of healing.

The Greeks knew him earlier as Asklepios, the Greek god of medicine said to be the son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis. But the Egyptians claim that Askelpios was apotheosised from the human magician Imhotep, which means "he who comes in peace"—a good title for the father of mental and spiritual healing—who was magician and architect to King Zoser of the third Egyptian dynasty in 2900 B.C.

He seems to have become a demi-god and then entirely to have lost his human character. He was invoked as a god and was believed to visit suffering people during their sleep and heal their pain and disease—another interesting function of the father of both religious healing and psychotherapy, for both have underlined the importance of processes that happen during sleep.

Imhotep's name, cult and fame passed from Egypt into Persia and Greece where temples were erected to him under the name Asklepios. Hygeia, the daughter of Asklepios, was the Greek goddess of health and was worshipped in the temples. The practice of sleeping (incubation) in these sanctuaries was very common, it being supposed that the god or goddess effected cures or prescribed remedies to the sick in dreams. Actually, patients stayed all night and slept in the precincts of the temple while priest-physicians, having prepared the minds of patients by lectures and talks, whispered suggestions in the name of the god into their ears.

Reading of this in modern days, we can realize the effectiveness of this method. The patient may have been asleep or awake or between the two states. The priest was, in any case, *acting for the god*, and the patient was in a highly suggestible state. The temples of Asklepios were the first hospitals, though this has been claimed for the Christian hospitals of later days.

The symbol of the god was a snake and this, rather than the story of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness, accounts for the badge worn on the cap and tunic of a British army doctor today. Harmless yellow snakes glided about the temple area and were trained to lick the sores of patients and thus—it was believed—to heal them. Since the snake incarnated the god, it was the god himself who healed. *Here we have the earliest known form of religious suggestion for the cure of illness.*

Most of the diseases treated were of the "incurable" variety, and the literature about "incubation" shows that blindness was most successfully treated by the use of "divine ointment." Paralysis and lameness figure in the list, as also do abscesses and internal troubles.

While this deification almost obliterated the historical character, Aesculapius was, in fact, a historical character and a famous physician. The Greeks always revered the doctor. He is described in the Greeks for their enthusiasm in spreading their principles and methods of healing.

It is strange, as one contemplates Jung's use of the word-association test, to think of the Babylonian priest reciting long lists of devils until he came to the one that visibly affected the patient and thus held to be the cause of the disease.

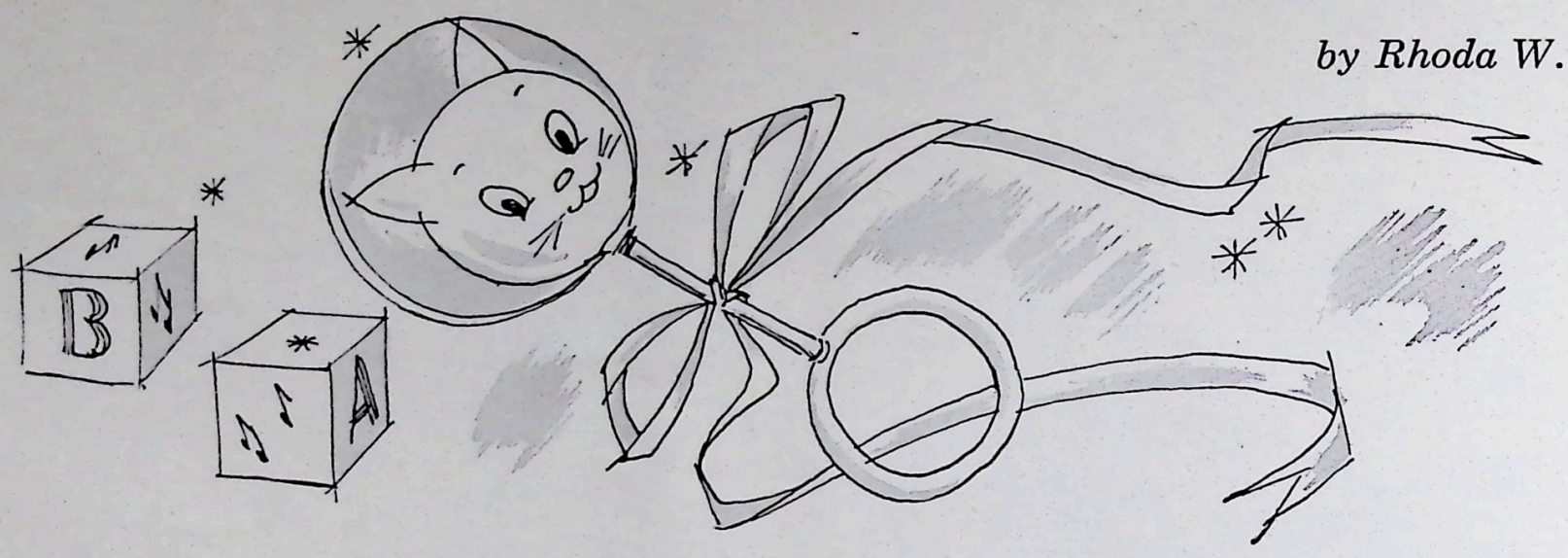
Healing methods truly deserving the description "scientific" began with Hippocrates, born in the island of Cos, off the coast of Asia Minor, about 460 or 470 B.C. He came to a world full of shrines to Asklepios, full of superstition and the ascription of disease to distant planets and to supernatural causes. He seems to have been the first to deny the supernatural origin of disease.

As early as Isaiah's day (*circa* 700 B.C.) health was believed to result from harmony with God, bringing with it divine favor, and the cure of disease could be brought about only if the patient were restored to that favor. The dominating factor in health or disease was the condition of the patient's mind and soul. And it will be remembered that Job's so-called comforters repeatedly hinted that he would not be suffering so terribly unless in his past life there had been sins which he would not admit.

Once more, in the light of the present understanding of conversion hysteria and psychosomatic disease, it is exceedingly interesting to find in one of the oldest dramas in the Bible the belief that repressed guilt was a fruitful cause of physical ailments. ♦

CHILDREN grow like music

by Rhoda W. Bacmeister



There are shy babies and jovial, sociable ones, even at six months. Naturally such things affect the way they grow socially. People who study children divide them into three groups; fast-growing, slow-growing and average, all perfectly normal. They measure not only the familiar chronological ages and mental ages but social ages, skeletal ages and several others.

It is nothing strange for a youngster to be seven by the calendar, six by his bones and eight socially. His total growth is a sort of orchestration, each part with its own rhythm and characteristics, yet all related.

The first year I taught school, I went to my principal about a bright boy who had suddenly lost all interest in his geometry. "What in the world is the matter with him this semester?" I asked.

The principal smiled and showed me the height-weight record. Clifford had shot up four inches in two months and gained considerable weight besides. "Clifford's just busy," said the principal. "When this spurt of growth stops, he'll have energy to spare for geometry again." And he did.

It is as though different kinds of growth had to take turns. We know a few of the broad patterns for this, such as that most children gain height faster in summer, weight faster in winter. We are beginning to understand common social and mental patterns, too.

In all of them spurts of growth are natural and more common than a regular, steady gain. Each kind of growth has its own wave pattern, the speed rising and falling in a way characteristic of that kind, and of the individual. One might almost think of it as a dash forward followed by a pause to consolidate gains and allow for the rear guard to catch up. There are unstable periods of activity and change followed by periods of relative stability. Adventure versus security!

It is even normal to slip back now and then, especially when things get tough. "I need a vacation," older people say—a chance to get away from the full responsibilities of our age and revert temporarily to earlier, easier ways. Children are doing the same thing when they go back to babyish play or to thumb-sucking, bed-wetting or baby talk. Life has been too strenuous and they are tired. So they take a vacation from being big girls and boys.

The kinds of society, or culture, that children live in make differences in their development. We don't have to discuss primitive customs or distant countries to see that. Right here in America we have the most diverse ideas of how to bring up babies. What we do depends on where we live and on the kind of job we do. It depends on other things, too, like our race or national background.

Baby care and family customs are so intimate that they naturally get handed down from parent to child. So, as far as the children are concerned, we have not one culture in the United States but many.

On the whole we want our children to be aggressive in the sense that they attack their difficulties rather than running away from them. What they have to learn is when to control their aggressive impulses in deference to other people's rights, also how to express them in fairly civilized ways.

Luckily aggressiveness doesn't necessarily involve hurting anyone or smashing anything. It is just self-assertion, a desire to dominate and feel one's own power. Any urge we may have makes us aggressive enough to start out to capture whatever will satisfy it.

But it is only when we are thwarted in the search that we become angry or hostile. By then delay in satisfaction has strengthened our original urge and besides we want to prove our power by overcoming the obstacle, whether a person or a thing.

One way to do that is to hurt our opponent. Then he may run away, leaving us the spoils of victory. Beating up a pal may bring double joy, both proof of power and possession of booty. That will probably call for an encore. Inanimate things thwart us, too. Since children think of them much as they do of people, they naturally get furious at a toy that balks them and "won't" do what they want. When they smash it they celebrate a primitive sort of triumph. The enemy is gone and can no longer oppose them. It's "dead."

Remember that about *dead*. It means the same as *gone*. When a raging four-year-old shouts, "I hate you! I'll kill you dead!" what he means is that he wants to banish you (temporarily, of course, for he has no concept of permanence, he lives in the *now*.) As long as you are there you stop his doing as he likes, so he wishes you weren't around, that's all.

The first strong evidences of aggression usually come when the child begins to realize himself as a separate individual. He wants to

manage himself—at least he doesn't want other people to do it. "No," and "I won't!" he shouts at you, and perhaps hits you or has tantrums if you force the issue. What else can he do? He isn't yet able to think of good counterproposals. He has to make you see that *he* is the one to decide. So he objects; that is much easier, as we all know.

He will have to learn what he may decide and what not. But above all he needs lots of *practice* in deciding things, so that he can learn how. It's hard; choosing one thing means giving up another, perhaps also very attractive. Don't you often hesitate a long time over some choice yourself—possibly even return things to the store next day? Be patient in helping your child learn to choose carefully and then abide by his decision.

If you ride roughshod over his "No," what can he do but scream and kick in helpless rage? He did that when he was a baby and it usually got him what he wanted. If you can't stand his tantrum calmly, he may learn that it still does. Or at least it may bring him a lot of attention—not what he wanted originally but a fair substitute since it provides social satisfaction.

There's nothing out of the way about a small child's becoming contrary or having a few tantrums. (Though they never *seem* few!) It is really progress from the time when he had hardly any opinions of his own. His personality is developing.

Some things he may not decide, and there you must be a bit ingenious to avoid a clash of wills. But little children are imaginative and easily diverted. It is usually not very hard for a clever mother to manage them so neatly that they never quite know how it happened. Play along with your child.

Now and then there may be a fuss but that is nothing to worry about if you remain patient, calm and firm. Presently the youngster will get over being so touchy about taking direction. He won't wobble so in making choices but will be able to decide what he does want and go after it. He will have learned that authority is neither to be accepted without thought nor rebelled against on principle. ♦

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

LAST DAYS of

English adventurer Edward John Trelawny found his richest experience in meeting Percy Bysshe Shelley and George Gordon, Lord Byron, two of the world's great poets. He acquired in association with them authorship and left a fascinating record of two young men who enriched literature, died young, and became the subject of romantic legends.

Trelawny, Byron and Shelley were rebels against their day and age. Trelawny was buried, as he wished, beside Shelley, who loved water but could not swim, and was drowned.

I was struck with Byron's mental vivacity and wonderful memory. He defended himself with a variety of illustrations, precedents and apt quotations from modern authorities, disputing Shelley's propositions—not by denying their truth as a whole, but in parts—and the subtle questions he put would have puzzled a less acute reasoner than the one he had to contend with. During this discussion I scanned the "*Pilgrim*" closely.

In external appearance Byron realized that ideal standard with which imagination adorns genius. He was in the prime of life, 35, of middle height, five feet eight-and-a-half inches, regular features, without a stain or furrow on his pallid skin, his shoulders broad, chest open, body and limbs finely proportioned. His small, highly-finished head and curly hair, had an airy and graceful appearance from the massiveness and length of his throat: you saw his genius in his eyes and lips.

In short, Nature could do little more than she had done for him, both in outward form and in the inward spirit she had given to animate it. But all these rare gifts to his jaundiced imagination only served to make his one personal defect, lameness, the more apparent—as a flaw is magnified in a diamond when polished. He brooded over that blemish as sensitive minds will brood until they magnify a wart into a wen.

His lameness certainly helped to make him sceptical, cynical and savage. There was no peculiarity in his dress. It was adapted to the climate—a tartan jacket braided (he said it was the Gordon pattern and that his mother was of that ilk), a blue velvet cap with a gold band and very loose nankeen trousers, strapped down so as to cover his feet. His throat was not bare as represented in drawings.

I have seen Shelley and Byron in society and the contrast was as marked as their characters. The former, not thinking of himself, was as much at ease as in his own home, omitting no occasion of obliging those whom he came in contact with, readily conversing with all or any who addressed him, irrespective of age or rank, dress or address.

To know an author personally is too often but to destroy the sanctuary and discover a saucy snob or an ordinary mortal.

Shelley was a grand exception to this rule. To form a just idea of his poetry you should have witnessed his daily life. His words and actions best illustrated his writings. If his glorious conception of Gods and men constituted an atheist, I am afraid all that listened were little better. Sometimes he would run through a great work on science, condense the author's labored exposition and, by substituting simple words for the jargon of the schools, make the most abstruse subject transparent.

The cynic Byron acknowledged him to be the best and ablest man he had ever known. The truth was Shelley loved everything better than himself. Self-preservation is, they say, the first law of nature. With him it was the last. The only pain he ever gave his friends arose from the utter indifference with which he treated everything concerning himself.

I was bathing one day in a deep pool in the Arno and astonished the poet by performing a series of aquatic gymnastics which I had learned from the natives of the South Seas. On my coming out, while dressing, Shelley said mournfully, "Why can't I swim, it seems so very easy?"

I answered, "Because you think you can't. If you determine, you will. Take a header off this bank and when you rise turn on your back. You will float like a duck, but you must reverse the arch in your spine for it's now bent the wrong way."

He doffed his jacket and trousers, kicked off his shoes and socks and plunged in. And there he lay stretched out on the bottom like a conger eel, not making the least effort or struggle to save himself. He would have been drowned if I had not instantly fished him out. When he recovered his breath, he said:

"I always find the bottom of the well, and they say Truth lies there. In another minute I should have found it, and you would have found an empty shell. It is an easy way of getting rid of the body."

"What would Mrs. Shelley have said to me if I had gone back with your empty cage?"

"Don't tell Mary—not a word!" he rejoined, and then continued,

SHELLEY and BYRON

by Edward John Trelawny

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

"It's a great temptation. In another minute I might have been in another planet."

"But as you always find the bottom," I observed, "you might have sunk 'deeper than did ever plummet sound.'"

"I am quite easy on that subject," said the Bard. "Death is the veil which those who live call life: they sleep, and it is lifted. Intelligence should be imperishable. The art of printing has made it so in this planet."

"Do you believe in the immortality of the spirit?"

He continued, "Certainly not. How can I? We know nothing; we have no evidence; we cannot express our inmost thoughts. They are incomprehensible even to ourselves."

"Why," I asked, "do you call yourself an atheist? It annihilates you in this world."

"It is a word of abuse to stop discussion, a painted devil to frighten the foolish, a threat to intimidate the wise and good. I used it to express my abhorrence of superstition. I took up the word as a knight took up a gauntlet, in defiance of injustice."

Byron's literary was, like Alexander's military career, one great triumph. But while he was at the zenith of his popularity, he railed against the world's injustice. Was this insanity or what polite doctors now call a softening of the brain? I suppose by the "world" he meant no more than the fashionable set he had seen squeezed together in a drawing-room and by all the press that attacked him—the fraction of it which took its tone from some small but active clique. As to friends deserting him, that could not be, for it was his boast that he never had attempted to make any after his school hallucinations. But in the pride of his strength and the audacity of his youth, enemies he certainly did make. When they saw an opportunity of getting rid of a supercilious rival, they instinctively took advantage of it.

As to the poet's differences with his wife, they must have appeared absurd to men who were as indifferent to their own wives as were the majority of Byron's enemies.

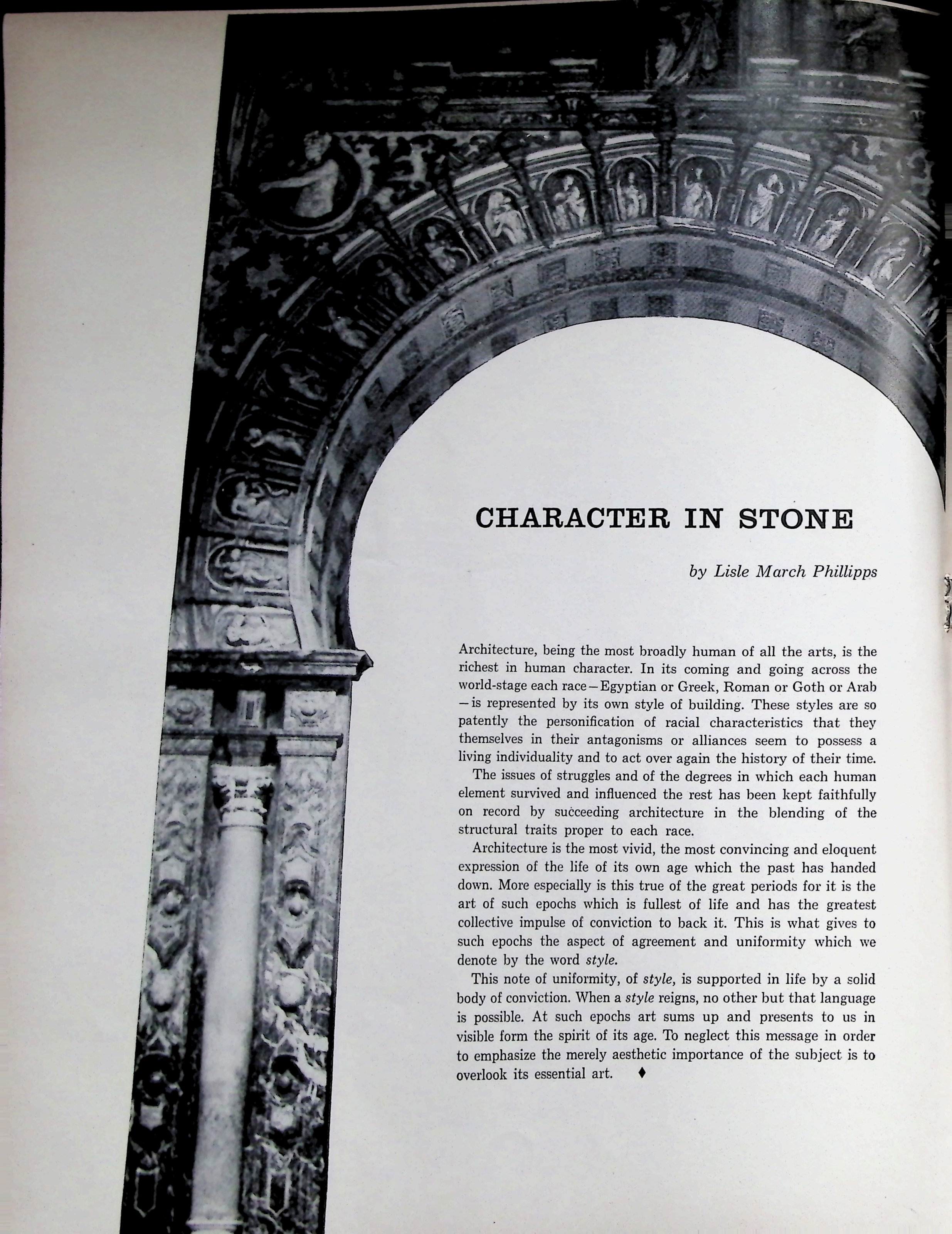
Byron's marriage must not be classed with those of the poets but of the worldly wise. He was not under the illusion of love but of money. If he had left his wife and cut society (the last he was resolved on doing), he would have been content: that his wife and society should have cast him off was a mortification his pride could never forgive nor forget.

As to the question of the poet's separation from his wife, he has told the facts in prose and verse but omitted to state that he treated women as things devoid of soul or sense. He would not eat, pray, walk, nor talk with them. If he had told us this, who would have marvelled that a lady, tenderly reared and richly endowed, pious, learned and prudent, deluded into marrying such a man, should have thought him mad or worse and sought safety by flight.

In all the transactions of his life, his intense anxiety to cut a good figure made him cruelly unjust to others. In fact, his pride and vanity mastered him and he made no effort to conceal or to control their dominion, reckless how it marred his worldly advantages. Amid the general homage paid to his genius, his vanity reverted to his early disappointments when he was baffled and compelled to fly. Though Parthian-like he discharged his arrows on his pursuers. He lost the battle.

Shelley had a far loftier spirit. His pride was spiritual. When attacked, he neither fled nor stood at bay nor altered his course, but calmly went on with heart and mind intent on elevating his species. While men tried to force him down to their level, he toiled to draw their minds upwards. His words were, "I always go on until I am stopped and I never am stopped."

Like the Indian palms, Shelley never flourished far from water. When compelled to take up his quarters in a town, he every morning with the instinct that guides the water-birds fled to the nearest lake, river or sea-shore and only returned to roost at night. If debarred from this, he sought out the most solitary places. Towns and crowds distracted him. Even the silent and half-deserted cities of Italy, with their temples, palaces, paintings and sculpture, could not make him stay if there was a wood or water within his reach. ♦



CHARACTER IN STONE

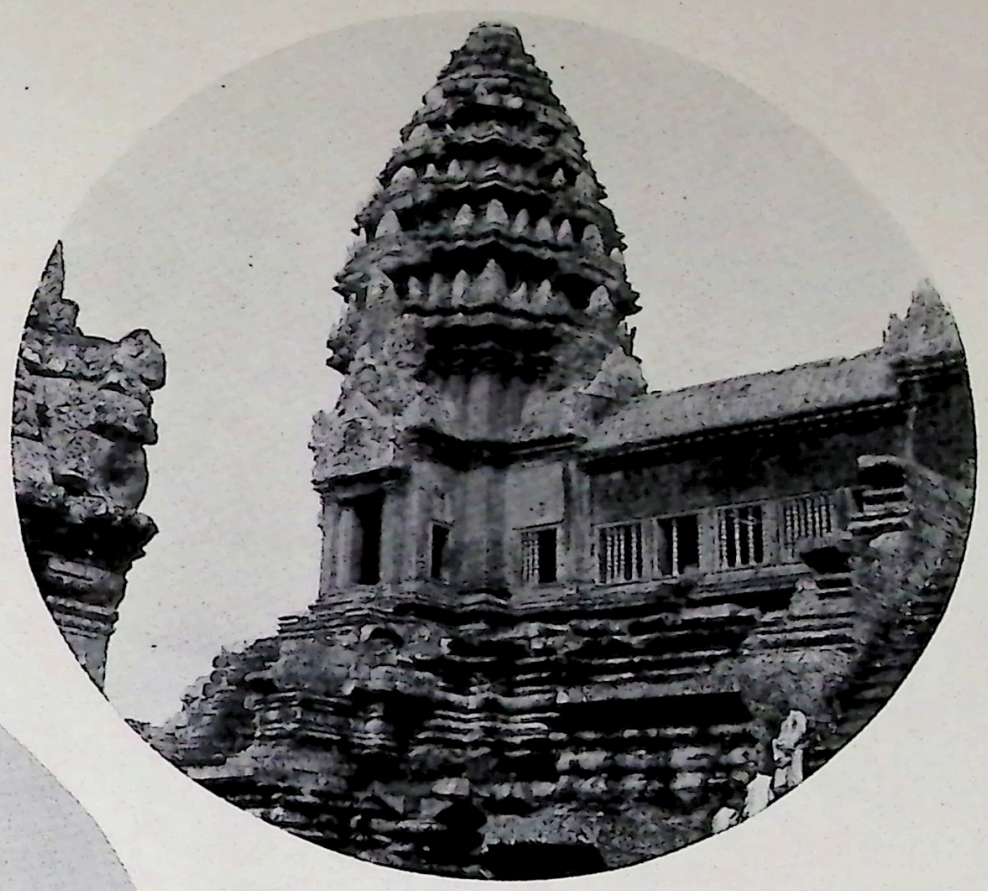
by Lisle March Phillipps

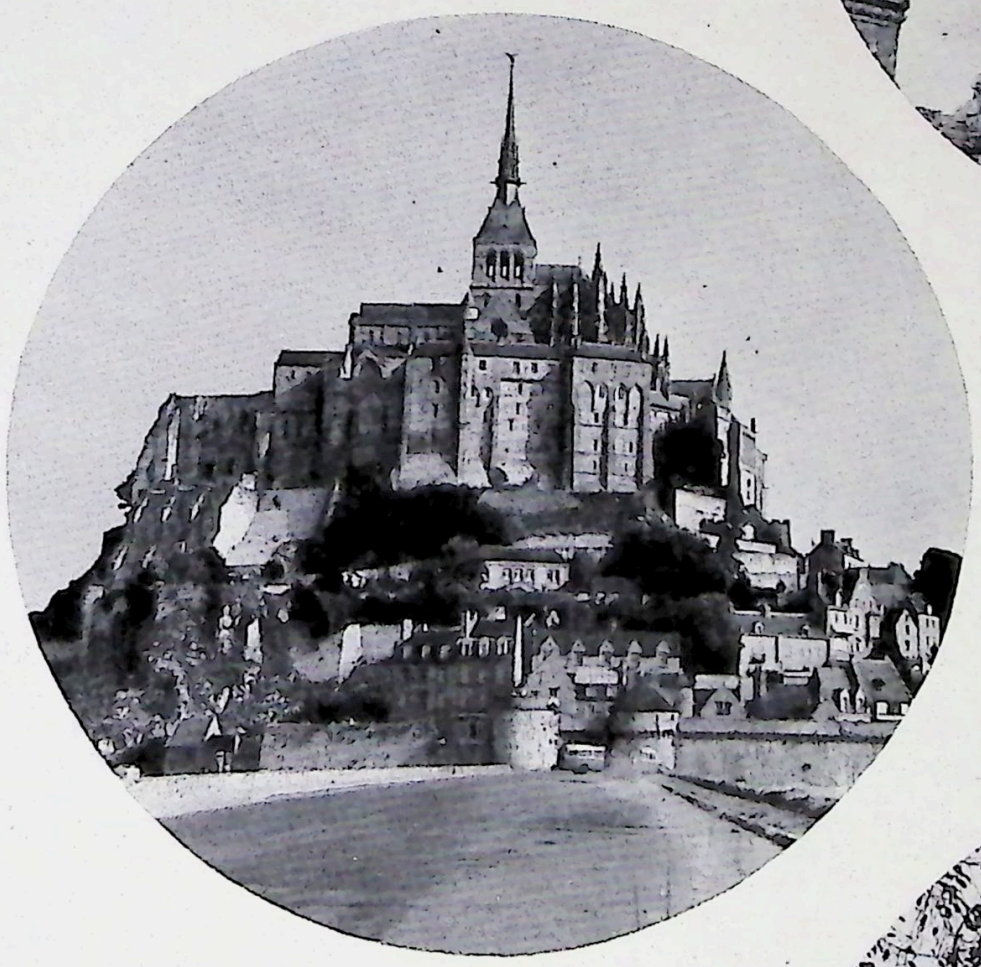
Architecture, being the most broadly human of all the arts, is the richest in human character. In its coming and going across the world-stage each race—Egyptian or Greek, Roman or Goth or Arab—is represented by its own style of building. These styles are so patently the personification of racial characteristics that they themselves in their antagonisms or alliances seem to possess a living individuality and to act over again the history of their time.

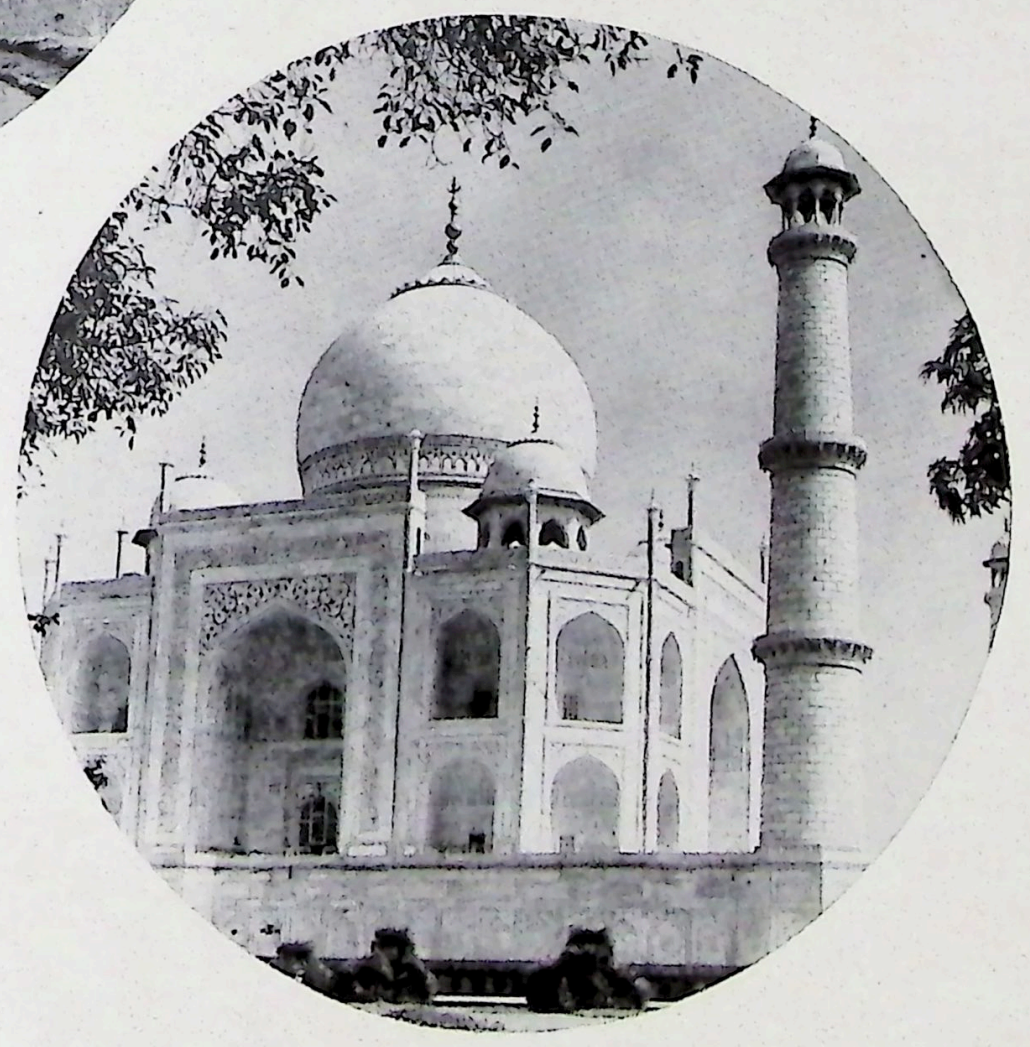
The issues of struggles and of the degrees in which each human element survived and influenced the rest has been kept faithfully on record by succeeding architecture in the blending of the structural traits proper to each race.

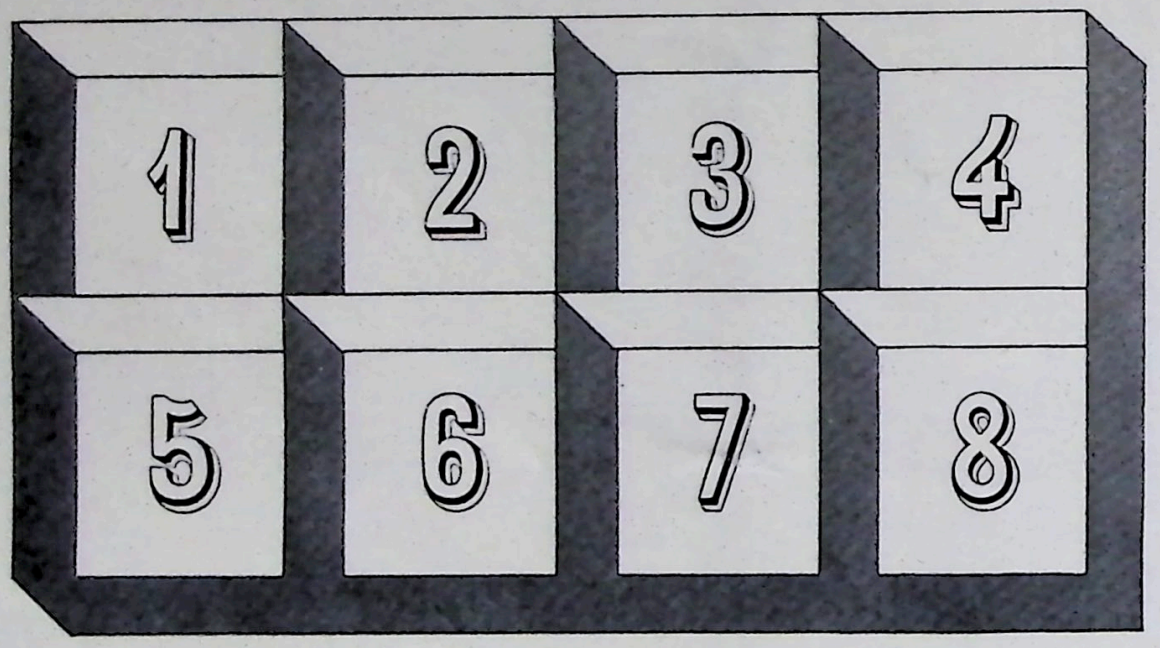
Architecture is the most vivid, the most convincing and eloquent expression of the life of its own age which the past has handed down. More especially is this true of the great periods for it is the art of such epochs which is fullest of life and has the greatest collective impulse of conviction to back it. This is what gives to such epochs the aspect of agreement and uniformity which we denote by the word *style.*

This note of uniformity, of *style,* is supported in life by a solid body of conviction. When a *style* reigns, no other but that language is possible. At such epochs art sums up and presents to us in visible form the spirit of its age. To neglect this message in order to emphasize the merely aesthetic importance of the subject is to overlook its essential art. ♦









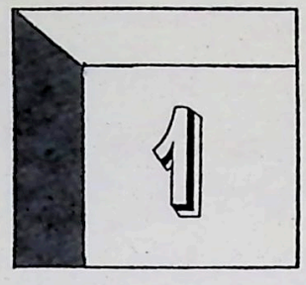
KINDS OF WORKERS

by John J. B. Morgan

How we approach our work is all-important. Do we regard our job as an exercise in routine or as a prelude to creativity? Are we merely guided by a sense of duty or are we motivated by spontaneity? The WISDOM *reader may ask himself these same questions and thus become more aware of the possibilities of his own profession.*

There are great differences between individuals, differences in the way they work, in the kind of work which appeals to them and in the motives for working, as well as in the effects which the work has upon them.

Types of workers can be classified basically by the following motivations:



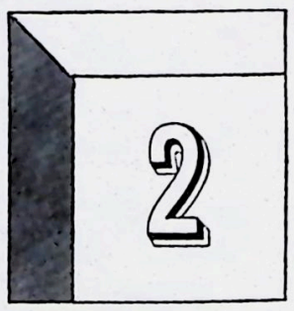
the bubbling energy worker

The most wholesome type of worker is the one with exuberant physical energy who works as an outlet for his abundant vitality. When this vitality is accompanied by superior intelligence the work is very likely to be very significant and such an individual is inevitably successful in anything he undertakes.

Work is no task for such a man. It is a sheer joy to him to be doing something and the harder the job the greater the thrill he derives from it. If he has any spare time it is consumed in devising something new to do. He rests, not by being idle but by finding something different in which to engage.

He works until physically tired, gets a thrill from such healthful fatigue, relaxes, sleeps well and awakes full of energy for another fling at the fascinating game of life. He works best under pressure and you never hear him making such remarks as: "I am going to take on a lighter load so that I can do it better." Such a statement is likely to come from one who lacks vitality.

When work turns sour and the tedium of life overtakes you, it would pay to take a lesson from these energetic personalities. Build up your physical reserve by physical exercise, sunlight and good food – then work will become thrilling to you and life will have new zest.



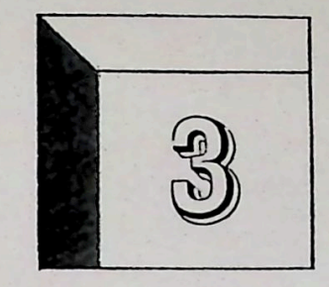
the fearful worker

Work which is motivated by fear is unwholesome. The fearful type of worker is likely to work as hard as the energetic type. He may even accomplish some worthy results but he is more likely to break at the critical moment.

In some cases the cause of the fear is fairly obvious. He is afraid of losing his job, of incurring the displeasure of his superiors, of making some mistake, of being surpassed by his fellows, of what people will say about him. He whips himself unmercifully, is never happy in his work, continually feeling he should have done more or better work.

Because of this self-criticism he cannot be spontaneous in his activities. At the point where he should throw all his energies into a task, his fear is likely to dominate, and he holds back. If he could exercise the same amount of energy, and at the same time be dominated by self-confidence, he would accomplish wonders. Motivated by fear, his work is always faulty, lacking the final punch which is so essential for successful accomplishment.

In other cases, the fear is not so apparent. It may be the result of some hidden conflict, more or less unconscious, and the activity in work may be a distraction device to enable the worker to forget or escape from himself. These workers are always undertaking more than they can accomplish because more work and more obligations mean a better chance to escape. They do not want success so much as they want work.



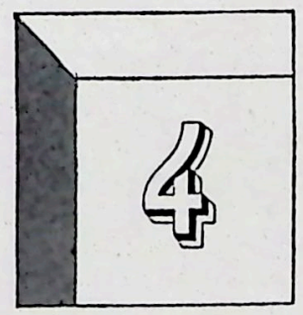
the dutiful worker

Doing a task because one feels that it is his duty to do so always detracts from the joy of work. If we have been overimpressed with the seriousness of life – if we have been made to feel that anything which brings pleasure must, for that reason, be of inferior value, and have been convinced that the serious business of life is work – we are in a fair way to becoming unhappy drudges.

The dutiful worker may derive some moral exhilaration, he may keep his conscience subdued, but work has for him never more than a negative value. He works to pay off a moral obligation and, having paid his debt, he feels free from any further urge to work. If he is sinful he must work harder to pay off the debt. If he is good he has little need to work.

Why work, in and of itself, should have any moral value is hard to conceive. Work is a natural activity, a biological function like eating and breathing. An energetic man can no more refrain from work than he can from performing other biological functions. To argue that he deserves credit for doing what he cannot help doing, provided he is a normal human being, is certainly a trick of logic, a trick devised by those who wish to keep the worker *subservient.*

The dutiful worker seldom gets anywhere. He acquires a hangdog attitude, keeps at his work because he must do so, becomes a mere human machine whose only objective is to keep at it till death calls him.

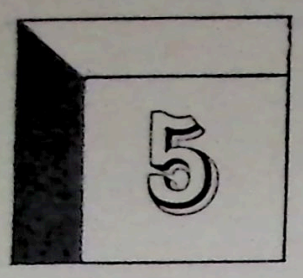


the pioneer

For some persons an important charm of life is the uncertainty which the future holds for them. Behind the curtain which hides the future from their eyes lie all sorts of unpredictable possibilities which immensely intrigue them. They want not stability but wish only to experience the unforeseen events which each day offers to them. Life is a series of surprise packages and they delight in gambling on the possibilities of tomorrow.

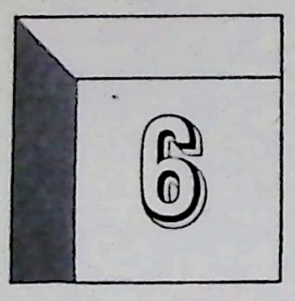
In the pioneer days of America these persons were found in covered wagons traveling west to the land of opportunity. They will leave a steady job to prospect for gold. News of a new oil strike finds them flocking around to get into the area of "good luck."

They are inveterate gamblers. Life is a sporting proposition and the thrill which comes with uncertainty is much more important than the actual winnings or losses. All they want is a new stake to bet again and again on the future.



the applause seeker

The applause seeker keeps his eye on the reactions which other people make to his work rather than upon the work itself. He notes the slightest sign of approval or disapproval and continually "plays to the galleries." This type of behavior may be observed in some children in school. They give a hesitating reply to any question and determine by the facial expression of the teacher whether they are on the right track, changing with lightning speed and with remarkable frequency until they see the coveted sign of approval. They become the "yes-men" in business and industry. They make good lieutenants but seldom independent executives.



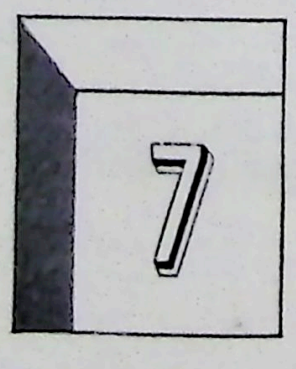
the compensating worker

The person with a dominant feeling of inferiority, whether it is based on a real or imagined defect, may be motivated in his work by an urge to prove to himself and to others that he can overcome the defect or can make up for it by proficiency in another realm. The person who is weak physically may attempt to become an athlete, to achieve some distinction in work requiring a strong body. He may try to make up for his physical weakness by intellectual prowess.

The girl with little personal charm may devote all her energies toward making herself seductive or may become enthusiastic in mapping out for herself a career as a substitute for her lack of personal charm.

The inferiority motive is a very potent one in the lives of many people. It has its values but, at the same time, has some dangerous elements. When dominated by the inferiority motive the person is never contented with mediocrity, he must excel. He is excessively ambitious.

On the other hand, if he is not able to overcome the feeling of inferiority through his efforts at compensation he becomes more and more discouraged and loses all incentive to do any work. He must either be a great success or he regards himself as a total failure. He can never take an average position in life. If forced to be an ordinary personage, as is usually the case, he is thoroughly unhappy.



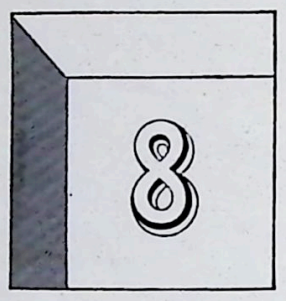
the domineering worker

If, as a child, a person has been too well-cared for or has been dominated by adults, he is very likely to be driven by an insatiable impulse to gain his freedom. According to his way of thinking, the most convincing evidence that he has achieved this independence is his ability to dominate others. He measures his own freedom by the subservience of others. If he becomes even a minor executive he uses his office to demonstrate the fact that he is *the boss.*

The true executive should win the cooperation of his subordinates with the view of effecting an efficient organization. The domineering person is less concerned with efficient production than he is with procuring submission to his every whim. The sillier the whim and the more unquestioning the obedience of his subordinates, the happier he becomes.

Such persons make successful army officers where unquestioned obedience is the order of the day. They become atrocious mothers and fathers because parenthood offers too ready an opportunity to dominate helpless children. If they are able to establish themselves in an executive position in industry they are likely to spread discontent throughout the organization.

Most persons resent being forced to obey the commands of these persons because they sense the motive behind them. When a worker and his superior are both dominated by this same motive, the results are truly volcanic.



the intelligent worker

An intelligent fighter makes a study of the entire situation, selects a key objective – the immediate end to be accomplished – and then concentrates upon reaching that objective. Having done so, he takes another survey of the new situation and repeats the procedure. This process he continues indefinitely.

The worker who is a habitual fighter uses his intelligence in a similar fashion. He cannot settle down to a task merely because he has done so before. He is continually asking himself what it is all about. What does his work accomplish? Could it be done more efficiently? What is the immediate end to be achieved by his task? How does it fit into the complete industrial, business or professional scheme of which it is a part?

This intellectual curiosity concerning even a prosaic task not only makes the work more interesting but makes for creative changes in procedure and consequent improved efficiency as nothing else can do. It is really the determining factor which decides whether a man is to become a mere cog in a complex social and industrial order or whether he is to play a vital part in the development of civilization.

How can you best make use of the above classifications? First, determine which types apply to you. You may find one which fits fairly well but you are more likely to find yourself to be a combination of several types.

Each type has some merit, some have more than others. Arrange them in order from the one you consider most worthy to the one you deem least worthy. If you find that those at the lower end of the scale fit you, attempt to substitute those at the upper end by changing your methods of work and your attitudes toward your work. It is well not to attempt to conform rigidly to any one type. To conform literally to one or another would merely narrow you. Because you use your intelligence in your work is no reason why you should not take a chance at times. You might pioneer and at the same time overcome some handicap. Your work will have more spice if you vary your approach rather than if you try to specialize in any one type of attitude. ♦

(continued from page 17)

Pursuit of Wisdom

in mechanics and chemistry, or with some particular field of events, as with descriptive astronomy and geology. *A science is any body of knowledge that is isolated and studied by itself.*

But in so far as we are occupied with the endless details of a science, we cannot see things in the large. Philosophy takes the results of all the sciences and seeks to harmonize them. It receives reports from every quarter of the field and asks, What of it all? In the light of what these physicists, these biologists, psychologists and the rest, say: What *is* man? What *is* this universe in which he lives? Whence came we, and it? Whither are we all going, and what is it all about? And—most urgently of all—What shall we *do* about it?

To vary the metaphor, philosophy tries to put this picture-puzzle of a hundred curiously shaped bodies of knowledge together to see what sort of universe they make. This is the sense in which philosophy, as Bacon so audaciously said, "takes all knowledge for its province." It does not—it should not—presume to supersede or to short-circuit the laborious work of the scientists, the psychologists, the historians. It aims to synthesize their work and focus it upon man's ultimate needs. *Philosophy is the integration of knowledge, the synthesis of the sciences.*

There is no sharp line to be drawn here. Any scientist may philosophize, as well as investigate. "There is no teacher worthy the name, in whatever classroom he may be sitting, who does not at some point teach philosophy." But to reflect critically, to generalize, to see things in their widest bearings, requires a different temper and training from that which makes for successful detailed investigation. Excellent scientists often make poor philosophers—though there is so much poor philosophy anyway that it is well not to throw the first stone! Anyone is free to lend a hand at any point. We need only say that the farther we get from particulars, the more we generalize. The wider outlook we attain, the more philosophical we become.

Knowledge is becoming more and more fragmented and almost inconceivably immense. We tend increasingly to become myopic—our eyes fixed upon the little plot of ground which we individually till. "The specialized functions of the community are performed better but the general direction lacks vision." We lack co-ordination, we lack a general map and chart of action. The need of philosophy grows ever greater as an antidote to this specialization, to give us perspective and balance. Matthew Arnold wrote of the poet Sophocles that

> He saw life steadily and saw it whole.

Philosophy seeks to see this world of innumerable miscellaneous things, this life-stream of so many diverse currents and cross-currents, as a whole, as a universe—to unfold before our eyes a synoptic panorama of life, to give us a general sense of the drift and import of existence, what the Germans call a *Weltanschauung*. No wonder philosophy has been called the Queen of the Sciences.

♦

Picture Acknowledgments

(Sources on each page are listed left to right, top to bottom.)

Inside front cover—Univ. of Michigan Mus. of Art **6**—Lederle Lab. Div. **7**—Medical & Pharmaceutical Info. Bureau, Inc. **8**—Merck & Co. **9**—Bristol Lab., Inc. **10**—Charles W. Totten (hat courtesy of Harry Cooper, Inc.) **12**—Art Inst. of Chicago (top); (bot.) same **13**—RKO Radio Pictures, Inc. **18**—Illinois State Hist. Soc. Library **20**—Library of Congress **21**—Authenticated News; courtesy Nat'l Park Service **22-23**—Library of Congress **24**—Lincoln Nat'l Life Ins. Co. **25**—Library of Congress **26**—Lincoln Nat'l Life Ins. Co. **27**—Library of Congress; courtesy of Chicago Historical Soc. **28-29**—American Museum of Photography **33**—Union Pacific R.R. **34**—Ewing Galloway **36-38**—courtesy of Jean and Franc Shor **39**—Embassy of Pakistan; Jean and Franc Shor **40**—courtesy of Fratelli Alinari, S. A. **43**—American Museum of Nat. Hist. **44-45**—Paramount Pictures (painting by C. Bonestell) **46**—American Museum of Nat. Hist. **47**—Georgie Wentworth **48-49**—Union Pacific R. R. **55-61**—private collection of Jane Bickly **62-63**—The Free Library of Philadelphia (Rare Book Dept.) **64**—Great Northern Railway **66**—courtesy of Vatican Museum; Greek Nat'l Tourist Org. (Athens); American School of Classical Studies (Athens); Vatican Museum; courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art **67**—Met. Mus. of Art **68**—Georgie Wentworth **69**—Suzanne Szasz **70-71**—Trustees of the Nat'l Portrait Gallery (London) **72**—Spanish Tourist Office **73**—all Pan American World Airways. Inside back cover: H. Armstrong Roberts. Back cover: Library of Congress.

FREE COLOR BOOKLET
Reveals Remarkable Plan
Own, enjoy and use now the New Edition of
ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA
GET ALL 24 VOLUMES NOW
PAY LATER ON EASY
Book a Month Payment Plan
To spread the cultural benefits of Encyclopaedia Britannica ownership to new thousands—the publishers offer a remarkably simplified ownership plan.
You can receive the entire set immediately, all 24 volumes.
You can stretch out the small payments, paying on the easy Book a Month Payment Plan.
To obtain this full story, plus the beautifully illustrated colorful Preview Booklet of the new edition, send the coupon at once.
The new edition of the world-famed Encyclopaedia Britannica almost "televises" the information for you. It attempts to convey with pictures, facts that would take thousands of words. Actually 23,225 pictures, plus charts, maps and drawings are used in this way. It is called the Picture-Fact Presentation, that makes an encyclopaedia fascinating to look through, thrilling to consult.
But this new edition does not merely show "attractive" pictures. It is the work of 5,258 of the world's best minds. The final authority on factual knowledge; a constant inspiration that will enrich the lives of yourself and your family.
Accept while they last one of these valuable Booklets! Mail the coupon now, while this de luxe booklet is still available!
Mail the coupon now, you will be glad you did!
ACCEPT PREVIEW BOOKLET OF NEWEST EDITION
MAIL COUPON TODAY!
HURRY! While Supply of Beautiful FREE Booklets Lasts!
ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA INC., DEPT. 38-D
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please let me have the FREE PREVIEW BOOKLET, and complete details about the Book a Month Payment Plan.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....
In Canada, write E. B. Ltd., Terminal Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

WHAT IS MAN?

O Lord our Lord,
how excellent is thy name in all the earth!
who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou
ordained strength
because of thine enemies,
that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
and the son of man, that thou visitest him?
For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
and hast crowned him with glory and honour.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
thou hast put all things under his feet:
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.
O Lord our Lord,
how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM 8: DAVID

(continued from page 49)

In Search of Serenity

various lines, it almost always ended with the Arab's conclusions:

"As far as we can see, your brand of civilization leads you to rush around in circles, wearing out your minds and bodies, turning your hair white and engaging in wars beside which our wars are no more than schoolboy fist fights. If that is what you call 'progress,' we prefer to be thought backward and continue in our way of life with the peace which the desert gives us."

And there was nothing I could say to contradict these observations because the Arabs *did* have peace, not only in the silence of the Sahara but also in their daily routine and approach to worldly and spiritual problems. Religion to them was an intimate and integral part of their lives. It may have been the effect of the desert, but these men seemed to assign to God a far more important place in their scheme of things than do those whose countries are filled with all the accoutrements of modern civilization. In their eyes the Sahara was the Garden of Allah, the only place in the world where God can walk in peace unmolested by human beings. The earth was God's carpet and respected with bare feet.

So, little by little, I allowed my thoughts and habits to drift into Arab ways. I wore the nomad dress because it was best suited to desert life and I made my home in a tent because it was the only habitation these wanderers knew. Whereas I had always regarded camping as a kind of temporary ordeal, I discovered that this attitude towards the out-of-doors was completely foreign to my nomad companions. They and their forebears were born in a tent, married in a tent and one day would die in a tent. Many of my shepherds had never been inside a house. None had ever slept in a bed. Camping was their natural way of living. It was also their business. They were nomads because they had to feed their sheep. Their lives were controlled by the problem of pastures. It controlled mine as long as I lived in the Sahara.

At dawn, I rose with my companions and said the morning prayer. Except for a bowl of camel's milk there was no breakfast. Once I had become accustomed to missing this meal I felt no urge to feed a body well-rested by deep sleep, so, mounting my horse, I followed the others to look for fresh grazing. At noon we halted for the midday prayer. There was no lunch but the horses were allowed to browse while we sat on the desert and talked or, usually, remained silent. The Arabs, like many Orientals, have an admirable quality of never *making* conversation. An Arab never says, "It is a fine day." It is self-evident that the day is fine, so why draw attention to it? Nor were these silences awkward. They were restful. There was none of that feeling that something *must* be said just for the sake of saying it. Occasionally we would go for a whole day without uttering a word that was not pertinent to what we happened to be doing.

It was these unstrained silences, as much as anything else, which pushed me a little nearer to the comforting peace I needed so badly. It was the way these men minded their own business, never projecting themselves into my thoughts or actions, which gave me that profound rest which is usually found only in solitude.

Our "working day" was always brought to a close with the afternoon prayer. After that we turned our horses' heads towards camp which we usually reached at sunset, when we prayed again and, finally, sat down to the only square meal of the day. When our appetites had been satisfied, we chatted or told stories until the time came for the final prayer. Then we stretched ourselves on carpets in our tents and, wrapping our cloaks about us, slept as only the healthy and carefree and physically tired can.

Thus, gradually, this hardy life in the open began to cure my physical aches and mental worries. I realized that these desert men were not only sound of mind and body, but had no neuroses. Unless a man had an accident, he lived to a fine old age and then faded gracefully away without becoming insane or infirm. Soon I no longer jumped when a gun was fired or woke in the night obsessed with apprehension. I began to feel the serenity of my companions.

While the active existence in this exhilarating air had done me inestimable physical good, while Islam had comforted me and the reliance on "In sha Allah"—"If God so wills"—had quieted me, there was something else: *The Arabs never fussed.* They never fussed about things over which they had no control.

For example, during drought years when many of their sheep died, these nomads never gave way to despair or exclaimed, "If we had gone to pasture there or there, the sheep would not have died." Instead they said, "For some reason best known to Allah, these sheep have died, and there is nothing we can do about it. Let us, therefore, forget about them. Let us go somewhere else and breed more sheep." And this they promptly did, without weeping over what they could not change.

When I first went to the Sahara and my nervous reflexes were not yet under control, I wondered whether much of this attitude was not put on. I waited, expecting to see someone caught off balance by the unexpected. But the moment never came. These men did not rush or shout or lose their tempers. They practiced what they preached, and not like pulpit speakers or psychiatrists who while overflowing with counsels for the "sick at heart" are, in themselves, often as confused as their congregations or patients. They said, "Don't fuss!" And they did not. They had peace.

My Sahara experience made me profoundly aware of the other me. It made me acutely conscious of the faults that cling to one like burs until they are pulled off and burned. It made me understand what were really the causes for worry and what were generated by tired nerves. In sum, it gave me foundations on which to build Serenity. ♦

Varied, Exciting, Different!

So economical you can stay long and enjoy it all. Here's a vacation paradise with scenic grandeur; Carlsbad Caverns and Big Bend National Parks; White Sands, Gila and Chiricahua National Monuments; historic wonders, high mountains, vast forests and cattle ranches, rodeos, Indians, summer fun for everyone.

This year visit a 3-state vacationland where Old West and Old Mexico mingle with the romantic, new southwest of friendly, interesting people and countless things to do, places to go, sports and activities to enjoy. Just across the fabled Rio Grande is picturesque Mexico, inviting you "abroad" to quaint customs, fascinating shops, bullfights, gay night life, fiestas, new experiences. Headquarter in modern El Paso. Let us help you plan a 3 in 1 vacation.

LET US TELL YOU ABOUT IT — FREE!

EL PASO Sunland Club
397 San Francisco St., El Paso, Texas
Please send your free descriptive folders about
☐ El Paso Sunland, ☐ 46 Things To See, ☐ Old Mexico, to
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone___ State_____

FOR YOUR READING ENJOYMENT *the Editors of Wisdom recommend:*

PROFILES IN COURAGE
by John F. Kennedy
John F. Kennedy, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, has written an important work on some of the noted senators of the recent past. Significant moral issues are raised in the book which is extremely readable. His portrayals of John Q. Adams, Robert A. Taft and George W. Norris are especially worthwhile. *Harper, $3.50*

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND THE DREAM
by Frederic I. Carpenter
One of the noted authorities on Emerson has presented a critical study of American literature. His thesis is that our major writers have been influenced by the ideal of freedom and justice and that this has been the formative force of American civilization. His discussions of Sinclair Lewis, Steinbeck and Faulkner are especially well done. *Philosophical Library, $4.75*

BETWEEN LIBERATION AND LIBERTY
by Karl Gruber
(translated by Lionel Kochan)
The author of this impressive work was Austria's Foreign Minister between 1945 and 1953; he is now Austrian Ambassador to the U. S. This is the story of Austria's fight for freedom against the forces of totalitarianism and is the product of a penetrating observer who knows intimate details of contemporary diplomacy. *Frederick A. Praeger, $4.50*

THE AFRICAN GIANT
by Stuart Cloete
Africa emerges in this volume as the continent of the future. The author concentrates upon the political and social structure of Africa's West Coast. Stuart Cloete writes with authority and freshness. The reader begins to realize that the future of Western civilization to some extent depends on the development of democracy in Africa. *Houghton Mifflin, $4.00*

AMERICAN ESSAYS
(edited by Charles B. Shaw)
In this series of essays American culture is subjected to a profound analysis. Some of the most memorable accounts are by Emerson, Thurber and H. L. Mencken. A wide variety of sources are used and thus the reader obtains a comprehensive portrayal of American culture. *Mentor Books, $.50*

THE DESERT AND THE STARS
by Flora Armitage
This is a biography of Thomas Edward Lawrence whose exploits in Arabia during World War I excited the imagination of countless thousands in Europe and in the United States. The account of Lawrence is especially important today, for the area in which he lived is again embroiled in conflict and controversy. In *The Desert and The Stars* Lawrence emerges as one of the truly important leaders of the twentieth century. *Henry Holt, $4.00*

THE STORY OF MEDICINE
by Kenneth Walker
The evolution of medicine is discussed in this new work in a brilliant manner. Special emphasis is given to the advancement of medical knowledge through the centuries and the author tries to relate medicine to its social environment. The book is both scholarly and eminently readable. *Oxford University Press, $6.00*

BROOKS ADAMS: American Prophet
by Arthur F. Beringause
Brooks Adams, the grandson of President John Quincy Adams, has been a neglected figure in American biography. The author has given a significant portrayal of Brooks Adams who in 1895 wrote *The Law of Civilization and Decay.* In this work Adams foretold some of the dilemmas facing the United States today. Beringause's biography of Adams is brilliantly executed. *Alfred A. Knopf, $6.00*

PRIVATE LIVES OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS
by Bernard Grun
Dr. Bernard Grun, a composer, conductor and musicologist, has given us a vivid glimpse of the personal lives of the outstanding musical artists. Such great composers as Wagner, Schubert and Brahms emerge as fascinating human beings driven by the vital emotions of love and hatred. The book is full of intriguing anecdotes on the progress of musical knowledge. *Library Publishers, $3.95*

GEORGE ORWELL
by John Atkins
George Orwell was one of the most controversial writers of our time. In this study of the famous English author both his literary and human qualities are emphasized. The discussion of Orwell's *1984* is especially illuminating. *Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., $4.50*

CAPTAIN DREYFUS: A Story of a Mass Hysteria
by Nicholas Halasz
The story of Captain Dreyfus is told with vigor and boldness. In a period when freedom is threatened in many parts of the world this biography should be of special interest. Halasz is particularly skillful when he describes the mass hysteria which swept over France during the Dreyfus trial. *Simon and Schuster, $3.50*

THE BIOLOGY OF THE SPIRIT
by Edmund W. Sinnott
Professor Sinnott who teaches biology at Yale University has made a sparkling study of one of the most perplexing problems of modern man —Can human nature be explained in biological terms or is man primarily a spiritual being? Professor Sinnott stresses man's goal-seeking nature and he believes that there is a principle of organization in the universe. This book is valuable both for the specialist and the general reader who will find in it new sources for a constructive philosophy of life. *Viking Press, $3.50*

MANAGING YOUR MONEY
by J. K. Lasser and Sylvia Porter
According to your income this plainly-phrased guide to one of the most perplexing modern problems gives detailed advice. An encyclopedia of financial information and a handy home advisor on all money matters from budgets to mutual trusts. *Henry Holt & Co., $4.95*

JAPAN'S MODERN CENTURY
by Hugh Borton
Japan represents an enigma in the twentieth century. To clarify the role of Japan, Hugh Borton, Professor of Japanese and Director of the East Asian Institute at Columbia University, has written this important work. He is hopeful that a limited form of democracy will develop in Japan and that the reforms since 1945 will leave a lasting mark upon Japanese life. *Ronald Press Co., $7.00*

WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

007920 12 126 A-2
ANNABELLE R FINK
216 S 42ND ST
PHILADELPHIA 4 PA